

Maple Leaves and Sprigs o' Heather

by MACK



NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE



TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PRESENTED BY

Shell Canada Limited

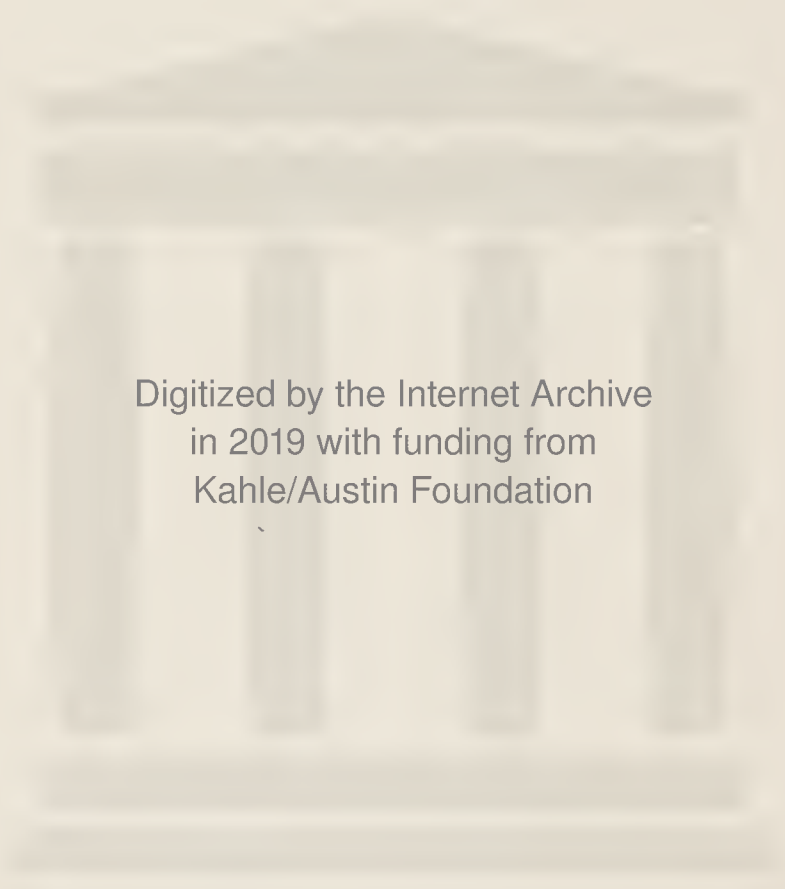
Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through. Some words like "the" and "and" are visible.

Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through. Some words like "the" and "and" are visible.

Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through. Some words like "the" and "and" are visible.

Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through. Some words like "the" and "and" are visible.

Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through. Some words like "the" and "and" are visible.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

MAPLE LEAVES
AND
SPRIGS O'
HEATHER



Yours sincerely
J. H. Macintyre
— Macintyre

Maple Leaves *and* Sprigs o' Heather

By

MACK

(J. H. MACINTYRE)

With Introduction by

James H. Coyne, LL.D., F.R.S.C.



THE RYERSON PRESS
TORONTO

Thomas J. Bata Library
TILLY UNIVERSITY
PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO

PS 8525 .158 M3

DEDICATION

DEAR far awa' Scotia, sae wee, yet sae bonnie,
These verses I've written as tributes tae thee:
Thy bairnies, as weel as thy beauties unmeasured,
My hert shall lo'e fondly until I maun dee.

Fair land of the maple, with field and with forest,
With wealth and with grandeur, from sea unto
sea;
Thou land which my fathers made theirs, by
adoption,
These poems are offered to Scotland and thee.

FOREWORD

IN RESPONSE to the continued appeal of many readers of poetry, the author, after years of waiting, has finally decided to publish a volume of poems, selected from nearly one thousand which he has written, believing that the wish of so many people should no longer be denied.

To make the publication of this volume possible numerous friends have subscribed for copies in advance. To all these, and to all others who in various ways have been instrumental, to no small degree, in bringing this book into being, the author is deeply grateful.

That this volume may not be too large, and be available for the general public, it has been found necessary to withhold, with regret, a number of poems which we had hoped to publish herein.

As this book contains both Canadian and Scottish verse, the title chosen is, "Maple Leaves and Sprigs o' Heather."

Humbly we send it on its way with the hope that it may find a responsive chord in many hearts.

THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I LO'E THEE, BONNIE SCOTIA - - -	1
FAR FROM UAM-VAR - - -	3
CLANNISH TAE A SCOT - - -	6
WE'LL SUNE HA'E SPRING - - -	8
'TIS BALMY SPRING - - -	10
TAE A WOODLAN' FLOW'R - - -	12
AT EVENTIDE - - -	14
SPRINGTIME BEAUTY - - -	16
AT RABBIE'S FEET - - -	18
A MIGHTY HAS FALLEN - - -	20
A BALM IN SOLITUDE - - -	21
OUR LILACS ARE IN BLOOM - - -	23
A SCOTSMAN'S PRAYER AT E'EN - - -	24
ERE 'TIS DAWN - - -	25
THE GREATEST GRACE - - -	27
AT HER FAITHER'S HOOSE AT E'EN - - -	28
ADDRESS TAE SCOTIA - - -	30
OOR NOBLE PIONEERS - - -	32
A RAILROAD ENGINEER - - -	34
AWA' TAE SCOTIA - - -	36
A WIDOW'S BAIRN - - -	37
OOR TRIBUTES TAE AN UNCROWNED QUEEN -	40
A MEMORY - - -	42
IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF TRENUM	
SHIPLEY, ESQ. - - -	43
BONNIE JESSIE - - -	45
IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF A CHRISTIAN	
FRIEND - - -	47

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CLOUDS - - - - -	49
ERE MORNING BREAKS - - - - -	50
EARLY MEDITATIONS - - - - -	52
EPITHALAMIUM - - - - -	54
FRAE SANDY TAE JEAN - - - - -	55
GREATNESS OFTEN UNOBSERVED - - - - -	56
HILLS O' SCOTIA - - - - -	57
HIE'LAN' CUZEN DAN - - - - -	59
A TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND - - - - -	61
IN METHERRALL'S GARDEN BRAW - - - - -	63
IN SWEETEST O' SLUMBERS - - - - -	65
INVOCATIONAL HYMN - - - - -	67
IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF J. B. CAMP- BELL, ESQ. - - - - -	68
IN PRESENCE O' OOR DEID - - - - -	70
IN THY IMMEDIATE PRESENCE - - - - -	72
IN MY BONNIE NATIVE GLEN - - - - -	74
WE A' MAUN FADE - - - - -	76
IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF A BELOVED FRIEND - - - - -	78
SEPTEMBER - - - - -	80
MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS - - - - -	82
ISABEL GRAHAM - - - - -	84
SABBATH MORN IN NATIVE GLEN - - - - -	85
MAGGIE'S CLEANIN' HOOSE - - - - -	87
MO BHALACH BEAG BANN - - - - -	89
AUTUMN WISHES - - - - -	90
OOR BONNIE JEAN - - - - -	92

CONTENTS

	PAGE
OOR SCOTTISH SAINT - - - -	94
SUGGESTED BY LATE AUTUMN - - -	96
OCTOBER WEATHER - - - - -	98
OOR BAIRNIES ARE AWA' - - - -	99
ON HILLS O' ARGYLE - - - - -	101
OOR INGLESIDE - - - - -	103
MAIR ABOOT SCOTIA - - - - -	105
SONGS OF THE NIGHT - - - - -	106
OH, SHE'S TH' LASS FOR ME - - -	107
OOR NOBLE DEID - - - - -	109
OUR FRIENDS - - - - -	111
MUSING AT GLOAMING - - - - -	113
PLEASURES O' A SCOTTISH BARD - -	114
SEEKING AND SERVING - - - - -	116
SCOTLAN' FOREVER - - - - -	118
GRANDMA'S LITTLE BOY - - - -	119
SWEET ISABEL - - - - -	121
SAUCERS AN' CUPS - - - - -	123
A CURLER'S PRAYER - - - - -	124
IN MEMORIAM - - - - -	126
SHE'S HAME IN SCOTIA - - - - -	128
TO AN ESTEEMED FRIEND - - - -	129
AS DAWNS THE DAY - - - - -	131
THERE'S MUSIC A' ABOOT - - - -	133
TAE A GHOST - - - - -	134
AT MIDNIGHT'S 'OOR - - - - -	135
TAE BRITHER SCOTS - - - - -	137
TH' LOWLY NAZARENE - - - - -	138

CONTENTS

	PAGE
WINTER IN GRAN'FAITHER'S DAY - - -	140
TAE RABBIE ON HIS NATAL DAY - - -	144
VISIONS O' SCOTIA - - - - -	146
DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS - - - -	148
WI' AONGHAS MOR - - - - -	152
WELCOME SIR HARRY - - - - -	155
WHEN MASTER CANNOT SEE - - - -	157
WHAT WE HA'E WE'LL HAUD - - - -	159
A SCOTSMAN'S PRAYER - - - - -	161
OOR CANADIAN WINTER - - - - -	163

INTRODUCTION

IN RECENT years there have appeared at frequent intervals in the daily press of southwestern Ontario, verses principally in broad Scots dialect, over the signature "Mack." Their circle of readers has steadily widened. A desire, which could not easily be ignored, arose for the publication in permanent form of those best worthy of preservation. The author, Mr. John H. Macintyre, has accordingly selected from some hundreds of his productions, those which are included in the present volume.

Having known Mr. Macintyre for many years, and read with interest many of his poems as they appeared almost from day to day, I am asked to write a word of introduction to his first published volume.

"Maple Leaves and Sprigs o' Heather" is a not unapt description of his verse, which is in subject and treatment distinctively Scottish-Canadian.

It has been said that the Scot is never at home but when he is abroad. Certain it is, that while the Celt readily becomes a national of every land to which his restless and adventurous spirit may have carried him, he does not easily forget the ancient hills and glens, the broom and the heather, the legends and poetry, of the land of his forebears.

*Yet still the blood beats strong, the heart is Highland,
And he in dreams beholds the Hebrides.*

And so, to cherish memories and ideals of the original homeland, he forms, wherever he establishes him-

INTRODUCTION

self—and where does he not?—his St. Andrew's and Caledonian Societies, and Sons of Scotland organizations, keeps Burns' anniversaries and St. Andrew's Day, with due accompaniments of pibroch and haggis, maintains Highland regiments, with pipers and a', and turns a frequent wistful look to Bonnie Scotland.

Among the pioneers of Ontario were many Highland immigrants. In the region lying between the three lower Great Lakes, particularly perhaps the western half, important portions are largely, and to some extent predominantly, Scottish. It was to such a constituency that Mr. Macintyre's poetry made its original appeal. Factors in that appeal were his Highland blood, his Celtic fervour, the unescapable influence of Robert Burns, and at the same time his strong religious feeling and intense Canadianism, with its corollary, loyal devotion to the empire, of which Canada forms so increasingly important a part. The response of the public has been generously appreciative, from non-Scottish as well as from Scottish readers.

The poems are varied in subject and treatment. As official bard of St. Andrew's Society of London, Ontario, and the Middlesex and Elgin Caledonian Society, he is called upon to meet official requirements of his position on special occasions. Topics of temporary local interest are versified for news-

INTRODUCTION

papers. But the changing aspects and moods of nature, the hills and skies, the woods and streams, the birds and flowers, men and women and children, the beauty of creation, religious sentiment, love of country and empire, these form the principal appeal to his muse, and the main substance of his verse. Amidst this variety of theme the reader may expect to find many lines not unworthy of note for melody, facility of rhyme, and felicity of expression, as well as for play of fancy, descriptive skill and general treatment of the subject in hand.

JAMES H. COYNE.

MAPLE LEAVES
AND
SPRIGS O'
HEATHER

I Lo'e Thee, Bonnie Scotia

THERE is a lan' my faithers lo'ed—
'Tis nestled in a sea;
They ca'd it Scotia, an' ye ken
It's verra dear tae me.
I lo'e yon hills wi' heather clad—
There, fountains trickle doon;
I lo'e oor bonnie Scottish glens
A' ither glens aboon.
I lo'e yon heaths my faithers trod,
For they waur noble men;
They left th' impress o' their tread
On ilka heath an' glen.

Oor mountain crests are dear tae me,
An' ilka rocky cave—
Be it in Scotia's verra hert,
Or laved by ocean's wave.
I vision aft oor bonnie braes—
It's wi' a lover's e'e;
I mark th' beauty o' yon streams
Which ne'er can drumlie be:
They sing tae me their Scottish sangs,
Which coy awa' my care;
I lo'e them mair as deeper doon
Their channels daily wear.

I lo'e yon lochs my faithers sailed,
Tae drap their fish nets doon;
Frae hillocks near, an' miles awa',
I hear th' pibroch's tune;

I LO'E THEE, BONNIE SCOTIA

It echoes frae ilk hill an' glen,
 Wi' sweetest notes tae me;
Nae ither hills nor glens ava'
 Like echoes e'er can gi'e.
Sae loch, an' glen, an' hill, an' heath
 I truly lo'e a lot;
Did I no' lo'e thee, Scotia dear!
 I wadna be a Scot.

Far From Uam-Var

NO DARING huntsman's tasselled horn
Calls me to rise at early morn;
No prancing steed stands in his place,
All saddled for the morning chase.
No dewy heath now waits to greet
The fleetest greyhound's bounding feet:
"No antlered monarch of the waste
Springs from his heathered couch in haste";
Nor tempts me to a long-drawn race,
For which he sets my steed the pace.

No fleeting stag gives me the will
To join the hounds, and follow till
The game is felled upon his way,
Or brought, at least, to stand at bay;
Then tests the gallant hunter's pride
To prove his falchion at his side:
I've ne'er been greeted, hast'ning home,
By a strange shallop on the foam;
Nor do I see, from vine-clad brake,
The fabled Lady of the Lake.

Yet, with his silent, golden horn
Old Phœbus calls me ev'ry morn—
For busy bards ne'er dare to lie
Abed till sun has risen high;
But we must early join the chase
For best of verse, or lose the race.

FAR FROM UAM-VAR

'Tis mine to here pursue my toil
Far from Loch Ard and Aberfoyle:
No snow-crowned summits pierce the sky,
Nor at my feet does Katrine lie.

I've neither gorge, nor Scottish glen,
To thrill my heart and guide my pen.
Thus viewed, 'twould seem my lot is hard,
But I'd ne'er be a true-born bard
If here I cannot blithely sing,
Midst all the beauties of our Spring,
When forest flowerets are in bloom,
And Nature's harps are all atune,
In this "New Land" so strangely far
From all the charms of Uam-Var.

We here have streams as well as there
Which deeper down their channels wear;
Whilst onward rushing to the sea
They sing their silv'ry songs to me.
We've captivating fields of green—
More beautiful has bard ne'er seen!
And when our orchards are in bloom
They load the air with rich perfume.
Our maples give us fondest pride
And deck our land both far and wide.

Not strange that ev'ry gallant breeze
Delights to kiss these native trees!
Their leaves are our loved emblem true,
And foemen e'er the day shall rue,

FAR FROM UAM-VAR

If they attempt to beat us back
Who're happy 'neath the Union Jack.
Then lives there here a bard at all
Who does not hear the clarion call
To sing our land, though distant far
From Scott's historic Uam-Var?

How charming is the sight we see,
When here all dew-drops of the lea
Are glistened by the rising sun,
When he appears, his course to run!
How golden is the distant west
When Phœbus sinks at eve to rest,
To let the moon, with silv'ry sheen,
Shine down upon our hills of green!
They seek—and not without avail—
To still enrich each wooded vale.

How wondrous is the scene we view,
When all around there lives anew
Rich foliage on boughs o'erhead
And flow'rs, on stems which once seemed dead!
Then pity not a rustic bard,
Nor fancy that his lot is hard;
But, pray there'll be no untuned string
In all my soul, whilst worshipping
In Nature's temples, found afar,
Yet loved as those of Uam-Var.

Clannish Tae a Scot

I HAVE chanced tae meet mony splendid men,
As I've roamed about a lot—
Folk frae ilka clime that oor sun shines on,
But I'm clannish tae a Scot.
Wad ye wish tae ken why I lean tae him?
Weel my reasons here I'll tell,—
It's because that Scots are a noble folk—
Oh! I'm glad I'm Scotch masel'.

I ha'e met a Scot at oor Thistle Club,
Wha's th' sort o' gent I prize;
He has judgment guid, which we a' admire,
Yet, he's nae unearthly wise.
He's a frien' tae a'; he's a genial gent,
Wha has nae ower much tae say;
He's a sturdy Scot in th' prime o' life,
Yet, we ca' him Faither Gray.

When oor empire ca'd for oor sodgers brave,
O' his laddies he gied twa;
Noo in slumber sweet baith his bairnies lie
'Neath a green sod far awa'.
They waur gallant lads on fierce, gory fields,
In th' presence o' oor fae;
They did weel their pairt—we are no' surprised—
They waur bairns o' Faither Gray.

Oh, dear Scotia braw! thou hast blessed oor earth
Wi' a lot o' noble men;
For th' cause o' richt they've been sodgers brave,
Wi' their claymore, voice, an' pen:

CLANNISH TAE A SCOT

They've adorned thy name in th' years lang gane;
They adorn it in oor day:
When I want tae feel that I'm glad I'm Scotch,
Then I think o' Faither Gray.

We'll Sune Ha'e Spring

OOR WINTER noo has nearly gane;
We'll sune ha'e gentle, balmy Spring;
'Twill no' be lang till we shall hear
Oor bonnie birdies sweetly sing.
Oor trees shall sune thrust forth their buds,
Refreshed wi' dew at morn an' e'en,
Whyles springtime showers shall garb oor earth
Wi' fresh, new grass o' matchless green.
We'll sune ha'e flow'rs in wood an' lea,
Which Spring shall ca' frae Winter's death;
Sune orchard blow, wi' rich perfume,
Shall sweeten ilka zephyr's breath.

Ere lang, when Spring is truly here,
We'll realize oor ardent wish,
Tae hie awa' wi' hook an' line
Tae catch a feast o' bonnie fish:
Oor faithers thrived on fish at hame,
Sae fish is prized by ilka Scot;
Gin we waur fed mair fish than meat
We'd be by far a brainier lot.
Sae I'm prepared at ony time
Tae welcome here oor bonnie Spring,
For balmy days, wi' sun an' shower,
Will fishes tae oor burnies bring.

Ere lang we'll meet wi' bowlers braw,
In friendly competition keen:
As often as we'll ha'e a chance
We'll be doon on oor grassy green.

WE'LL SUNE HA'E SPRING

Oor pebbled brooks shall sing their sangs,
When we shall roam on paths we lo'e;
Yet, folk, I canna quite forget
That Springtime has its troubles too—
Sair troubles which I've tried tae miss,
But, lang I've learned it's nae bit use;
Alas! nae year can I escape
For Maggie sets me cleanin' hoose.

'Tis Balmy Spring

OOR BONNIE days o' balmy Spring
Are present wi' us noo;
We'll sune ha'e orchard trees in bloom,
Beflecked wi' crystal dew,
Sweet music frae oor brooks we ha'e;
In ponds oor froggies sing;
There'll sune arise a band o' bards,
Wha chant their odes in Spring.

They've been as silent as oor frogs,
When Winter held her sway,
But they'll be a' thawed oot tae sing
Afore oor month o' May.
'Tis better that folk chant in Spring,
Than never chant ava'.
But gi'e us bards wha're brave tae sing
'Mang Winter's ice an' snaw.

'Tis then that folk are maist in need
O' blithe an' cheerie strains,
Tae pour yon courage they beget
Intae oor sluggish veins,
For it is in oor wintertime,
That nature a' seems deid;
'Tis then we're prone tae aft forget
Spring's balmy days ahead.

We've heard folk murmur sairly aft,
O' winters that we ha'e;
Ye'd think they'd no' survive ava',
Tae see a bonnie day.

'TIS BALMY SPRING

When frosts are keen they dinna sing
In notes that are sublime;
Their harps hang on oor willow boughs,
When it is wintertime.

They're no' oor great perennial bards,
Wha write wi' cheerie smile,
In ilka season o' oor year,
Oor sorrows tae beguile.
In dreary days or chilly nights,
'Tis truest bards wha sing,
For they've sweet music in their herts,
In Winter as in Spring.

Tae a Woodlan' Flow'r

SWEET, fragile, forest floweret fair,
On yer wee, tender stem,
We welcome thee sincerely noo,
Thou bonnie, weenie gem!
Stern Winter's frost hauds oor earth lang
In its deith-like embrace;
Hoo gladly then we see, thae noo,
Thy modest, cheerie face.

Thine humble birth has been amang
Damp, withered leaves, an' deid,
Which fluttered doon, by ilka breeze,
Frae boughs aboon thy heid:
But noo in sad decay they lie
Aboot thy tender stem,
Yet, canna mar thy purity,
Thou spotless, bonnie gem.

Thou floweret braw, wi' spirit rare,
Thy perfume noo sae sweet
Is sweeter far when rude men mar
Yer beauty 'neath their feet:
Thy manner mild, thy fautless cheek,
Thy tender form an' frail,
Ha'e charms sae great we're sweer tae quit
This mossy woodlan' trail.

Yer form appears whaur disappeared
Like form which laist year died,
Sae fears possess oor herts thae noo
Ye winna lang abide.

TAE A WOODLAN' FLOW'R

We ken fu' weel thy life is brief,
Whate'er may be yer lot—
Gin plucked wi' care for lassie braw,
Or left in this lone spot.

Dost thou perceive this fact thyself?
Ken ye thy days are few?
Dost thou lament thy life's nae lang,
As we regret it noo?
Fareweel thou modest floweret braw,
Bowed on thy tender stem!
We lo'e thee, an' we'll mourn thy flight,
Thou bonnie, weenie gem!

At Eventide

A DOWN the valley drifts the stream!
How gracefully its waters glide!
Each rippling wavelet bids me dream
A happy dream at eventide:
The sun is setting in the west,
And o'er yon distant sky of blue
There silently has come to rest
A mantle of a golden hue.

As lingering sunbeams kiss the stream,
Deep adoration holds me fast;
This dying day's a living dream
Which ne'er will fade while life shall last.
The trees which crown yon eastern hill
Fling back again eve's priceless gems;
They seem to think 'twere ethics ill
To keep these borrowed diadems.

All colours blend in rich design,
Whilst floweret odours load the air,
And this is now the thought that's mine,
Why should this stream have wish or care?
But as upon its banks I dream
At eventide, I plainly see
This brook, like ev'ry silv'ry stream,
Has throbbing yearnings to be free.

It's quite apparent to a bard,
As veers this creek from side to side,
That native wildness finds it hard
In straight and narrow paths to glide.

AT EVENTIDE

I note this stream, in wayward whirls,
Goes winding in and winding out
As if in search of goodly pearls
Among the pebbles strewn about.

It adds new beauty to the scene
That this lone stream declines to glide
A lifeless brook, 'tween banks of green,
Low at my feet this eventide.
Methinks it's neither ill nor rude,
To find this brooklet of the lea,
Far out in Nature's solitude,
Has sobbing wishes to be free.

So let its waters dash about,
From bank to bank on either side,
And wind their pathway in and out
As on they speed at eventide:
And if I dream by crooked streams
Pass not on me a sentence hard;
Their fight for freedom suits, it seems,
The restless spirit of a bard.

Springtime Beauty

MAIST ilkabody seems tae lo'e
Oor balmy days o' gentle Spring,
When Nature ca's tae bonnie birds
Their newest, sweetest tunes tae sing:
When lammies by their mithers skip
Frae early morn tae dewy e'en,
Rare is th' beauty o' their sport,
On hills weel clad wi' matchless green.

A ramble oot, baith morn an' e'en,
We'd nae forget, neglect, nor miss;
We'd woo sweet zephyrs which are pleased
Oor fevered broos tae fondly kiss.
We lo'e tae sit us calmly doon
In some sequestered, cosy nook,
Beside a burnie or a loch,
Tae wait for fish, wi' bated hook.

We're fond tae trace yon pebbled brooks
Which thro' oor clover meadows glide;
We lo'e tae pluck wee flowerets fair,
Which smile oor woodlan' paths beside:
We linger fondly aft afield,
Till shades o' nicht aboot us fa';
Frae Nature's spring-enchanted scenes
We're sweer tae turn oor een awa'.

We hear o' bonnie climes afar—
Gi'e me oor ain lo'ed Canada,
When she's adorned wi' priceless robes,
Which Nature gi'es her ilka May.

SPRINGTIME BEAUTY

For a' her beauty unsurpassed
We're maist sincerely verra glad,
Yet, aft it gars me sairly greet
That we've nae hills wi' heather clad.

At Rabbie's Feet

IN MY wee den, a' by masel'
I sit this bonnie August day;
Tae write a bit o' braid Scotch verse
A deep desire o' hert I ha'e.
I'd no' ha'e verses wi' a rasp
Amang them ilka noo an' then;
Let lilt o' a true Scottish bard
Glide freely frae my Doric pen.

For lessons in this art o' verse
My Scottish soul intensely yearns
Tae ha'e, in brither fellowship,
"A hert tae hert" wi' Rabbie Burns.
Immortal, lo'ed, lamented Rab!
I ken, as I write braid Scotch noo,
That Scotia, far frae here awa',
As ye ha'e loved I fondly lo'e.

I've wish that whyles I'm here on earth,
An' ye're in glory far aboon,
Tae sing, as sweetly as yersel',
'Boot banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon.
Tae me there's magic in yon streams
Which ne'er ava' can drumlie be;
Whyles heathered hills an' Scottish glens
Wi' beauty captivate my e'e.

I'd paint an honest Scotsman's hame,
Wi' bairnies cuddled on his knee,
When frae his toil ahint his pleugh
Deep shades o' nicht had set him free.

AT RABBIE'S FEET

I'd ha'e a wife an' mither there
Tae bless them wi' her love-filled een:
Oh, Rabbie! teach a lesser bard
Tae fitly verse sae braw a scene.

I'm fond o' ilka noble Scot
Wha's true tae Scotia's honoured name,
Be he on distant, foreign shores,
Or 'mang oor hills an' glens at hame.
Tae sing o' Scotia an' her bairns
I clearly hear a clarion ca';
That I a true Scotch bard may be,
Let noo thy mantle on me fa'.

A Mighty Has Fallen

SIR ADAM BECK

SAD EVENTS sometimes o'ertake us
In the passing of the years—
Sorrows quite so universal
That a nation sheds her tears.
Far o'er hill, on plain, in valley
Grief unbidden now holds sway,
For our well-beloved Sir Adam
Has been called by Death away.
In the cabin and the mansion
Hearts are bowed in bitter grief,
As our nation sadly mourneth
For our far-famed "Hydro Chief."

His has been a life of service,
Such as few men ever gave,
And with record that's unsullied
He will fill a statesman's grave.
For the weal of all the people,
And for honesty he stood;
So the hearts which beat correctly
Bear him deepest gratitude:
And on tablets which great nations
Dedicate to men of fame,
Many coming generations
Will inscribe Sir Adam's name.

A Balm in Solitude

BY DISAPPOINTMENT, loss, and death
Her sky is deeply overcast;

The sounds of mirth grate on her ear,

And former joys have faded fast.

With thankfulness, she knows full well

Her friends have sought her every good,

But now she longs, she scarce knows why,

To find a place of solitude.

She ventures out, with noiseless tread,

While the last gleams of twilight die,

And twinkling stars so softly glide

Into the vast, o'erarching sky.

She presses on, with weary steps,

Along a path, that slowly winds,

Till, at Lake Erie's grassy shore,

That solitude she seeks she finds.

She stands alone and clasps her hands

In gratitude that none is near,

And that no harsh, unwelcome sounds

Fall cruelly upon her ear.

The trace of sorrow's on her brow;

Her heart is surged with bitter grief;

Yet, in this quiet, lonely spot

She seems to find a strange relief.

The waters gently lave the strand,

As if to cleanse each little grain;

She asks herself, "Do these feel aught

Of anguish, loneliness, or pain?"

A BALM IN SOLITUDE

A rose is blushing by the side
Of an uncouth and shaggy thorn;
Does it perceive its luckless lot,
With sad lament, as mortals mourn?

The dew is falling on the grass
That clothes the banks which near her lie;
Each blade must bear its little drop;
Do these anon complain, or sigh?
Does the sad moaning of the wind
Relate some grief to friendly ears?
Does Erie's low, sad, sobbing voice
Forebode a storm it inly fears?

The sudden falling of a star
Now meets her gaze in eastern sky;
It leaves its place so silently
And vanishes, she knows not why.
Some kindly spirit's magic hand
Gives to her heart the needed good,
So ere she homeward turns her steps
She's found a balm in solitude.

Our Lilacs Are in Bloom

HOW wondrously our earth is garbed
Now in her dress of green,
Whilst promises of fruitage glad
On fertile fields are seen.
Then, too, behold what Nature's hand
Has woven in her loom,
When graciously she gave to us
Our lilacs in their bloom.

'Tis deftly God-sent shuttles weave
These flow'r-bells everywhere,
And vest them with the magic art
To sweetly scent the air.
With no rude eyes can men behold
This wonder-working loom,
But eyes which see are sometimes born
Whilst lilacs are in bloom.

Oft kindred minds as one were joined
And hearts, to ne'er divide,
As by a lilac bush they stood,
Alone at eventide:
And artfully a hand unseen
Weaves, in her noiseless loom,
A never fading web of gold,
When lilacs are in bloom.

A Scotsman's Prayer at E'en

ERE FOR a nicht o' calm repose
We'd dare tae think tae cuddle doon,
We'd lift oor herts an' voices baith
In prayer an' praise tae Thee aboon.
We recognize Thy tender care
Has brooded o'er us a' this day;
Incline tae us at e'en Thine ear
Whyles humble Scots bow doon tae pray.

For lo'ed obedience tae Thy will
Forbid that we've forgetfu' been,
In ony task which marked oor path
Frae early morn till dewy e'en!
Gin we ha'e failed in word or deed,
Thy name this day tae laud an' bless,
At Thine appointed mercy-seat
For Thy forgiveness noo we press.

We're wearie frae a day o' toil;
We'd seek refreshment noo in sleep;
May angels o'er oor humble hoose
Their unmolested vigil keep!
A' tae Thy care we noo commit;
Contentedly we'll cuddle doon;
When a' oor tasks on earth are dane
Grant as Thy bairns we'll 'wake aboon!

Ere 'Tis Dawn

LONG before the sun has risen
To dispel the shades of night;
When my neighbours are all sleeping,
That's the time I love to write:
When no self-styled doctor's telling,
Glibly at my cabin door,
That his new-found pills and powders
Cure our human ills galore.

When no weather prophet's spieling,
We'll have neither dew nor rain,
And we'll have to trudge to Egypt,
As in days of yore for grain:
When no politician's pleading
That his pay be hundreds more,
After he has been elected,
Than he dared to ask before.

When the cook's not breaking dishes;
When the furnace man is still;
When the gramophone's not playing,
That's the hour I push my quill:
When nobody's asking questions,
Which concern me not a whit;
Those are all-important moments
When a bard can do his bit.

When the youngsters are not kicking
Up the very Ned himself,
I take down my ink and paper
From my secretary's shelf;

ERE 'TIS DAWN

Then I sit me down composing
Verses for my fellowmen,
For the mistress of my cabin
Gives no orders to me then.

When the nursery maid's not singing
To the ukelele's strains,
That's the time I've inspirations
Coursing through my Scottish veins:
When I hear no jazzy music
In my quiet, cosy den,
Let me have that hallowed season
Undisturbed to wield my pen.

The Greatest Grace

OF ALL the blessings which have crowned our
lives

There ne'er has come a greater from above
Than that so prized by young and old alike—
That soul-enchanting bliss which we call love.

We knew it first when on our mother's knee,
She looked so fondly on her infant child;
How oft her changeless love, divinely sent,
The sorrows of our childhood days beguiled.

We felt it, too, whilst yet of tender years,
When father kindly led us by the hand;
Or when our youthful needs his thoughts engaged,
And held his ev'ry pow'r at their command.

As gently as the dew-drops fall at eve,
Yet, copiously as springtime rains come down,
This greatest of all joys may come to us,
Our happy, yielding lives to richly crown.

Who has not felt the impress of its touch?
But ne'er is wondrous love so grandly great
As when two hearts, by winding paths have found,
Each with delight, its God-appointed mate.

Their love soars far above the eagle's flight!
The depth thereof no measuring can tell!
If e'er a Bethel's found upon this earth,
'Tis in that place where wedded lovers dwell.

At Her Faither's Hoose at E'en

THERE are lassies braw, an' I see them aft
As I travel far an' wide,
An' tae meet wi' them, wha are weel bred Scots,
Gi'es me muckle joy an' pride.
Oh! it's nice tae meet wi' these lassies aft,
An' tae spend an 'oor or twa;
Tae an ardent Scot it's a pleasure great—
It beguiles his griefs awa'.
Nae a mile frae me there's a wee Scotch lass—
Nae a bonnier I've seen—
Sae I aften ca' on this lassie noo,
At her faither's hoose at e'en.

She's a cheerie lass, wi' a bonnie face—
I've a vision o' her noo;
She has roguishness in her hazel een,
Yet, tae ilka frien' she's true:
She's nae use ava' for this fickleness,
Which will no' stand ony test,
Sae we folk wha ken this wee lassie weel
Are th' folk wha lo'e her best.
Oh! it's nice tae meet wi' a lassie true,
Wha has intellect that's keen,
Sae I aften ca' on this wee, Scotch lass,
At her faither's hoose at e'en.

There's nae rose that blooms, there's nae heather
grows,
On oor hillsides hame awa',
That can yet compare wi' th' beauty o'
A wee, sonsie lassie braw;

AT HER FAITHER'S HOOSE AT E'EN

That is gin she's Scotch an' a clever lass,
Wi' a sparkle in her e'e;
Let a' ither lads choose what lass they wish,
It's a braw, Scotch lass for me!
Oh! this lassie here, nae a mile frae me,
Is as bonnie as a queen,
Sae I aften ca' on my wee, Scotch lass,
At her faither's hoose at e'en.

Address Tae Scotia

YON HILLS that are wi' heather clad,
Ilk bonnie loch, an' Scottish glen,
An' a' th' scenes my faithers lo'ed
Are worthy o' a poet's pen;
Sae as I sit me doon ance mair
Tae coort my muse an' tune my lyre,
May visions o' th' lan' o' Burns
An humble bard thae noo inspire,
That I may pen, baith noo an' here,
A tribute tae thee, Scotia dear!

There may be mair productive soil
Than mony acres that ye claim;
But, men are better for thee far
Than herds, or flocks, or gowden grain.
Thy folk are no' inclined tae stand
Until their swords are dull wi' rust;
Nor are they verra aft compelled
Tae breathe a rival's dreaded dust.
Tae trusted posts thy bairns shall rise
Till Scots are ca'd aboon th' skies.

Yer worthy sons ha'e won thee fame
In a' th' honoured walks o' life;
They've lo'ed ye weel an' for thee strove
On mony gory fields o' strife.
Tho' often prest by gallant faes,
Wi' Scottish pride they scorned tae yield
On thine ain wild an' rocky shores,
Or on oor weel-kent Flanders Field.

ADDRESS TAE SCOTIA

Tho' aft they've journeyed far frae hame
They're loyal tae ye a' th' same.

Thy bards enshrined thee in their herts;
Ilk bairn o' thine thy weelfare yearns;
Th' beauty o' a Scottish hame

Has been immortalized by Burns—
Alas! that he wi' genius rare,

Shud pass awa' when far ower young,
For Rabbie had rich gems o' thocht

That ither bards maun leave unsung.
There're nane wha seem his place tae fill,
Sae Rab is lo'ed an' honored still.

Thy folk ha'e lo'ed thy heathered hills,

Lang fondly by oor faithers trod,
An' mony proved, wi' courage rare,
Their firm devotion tae their God.

MacLaren, prince o' late divines,

'Mang heather heard his Maister's ca';
An' brave John Knox preached 'mang thy hills
Salvation free tae sinners a'.

Ah! Scotia, thou hast gien tae earth
Brave, noble men, o' splendid worth.

Oor Noble Pioneers

DEEP ben oor herts we honour haud
For ilka humble pioneer,
Wha daily wrought an' nobly won,
'Gainst frequent trials maist severe.
Oor faithers, tho' a sturdy race,
Had tenants lang in Scotia been;
Yet, for a hoose tae ca' their ain
They had a fondly cherished dream.

They bade fareweel tae soil they lo'ed,
Tae heathered hills, tae glens o' fame;
They braved Atlantic's briny waves,
In quest o' a Canadian hame.
Unbroken as a Gaelic guard
Unconquered forests firmly stood,
Tae deal defeat tae a' wha dared
Molest their native solitude.

Yon trackless wilds ne'er yet had learned
Man's reign o'er forests dense tae ken;
They scorned tae yield Canadian soil,
For ne'er had they met Scottish men.
In visions aft yon trees I see,
As in gigantic form they stood,
Tae measure, wi' oor forebears braw,
Their strength, their faith, their fortitude.

But, wi' their courage unsurpassed
Oor faithers taught yon wilds tae ken
Nae challenge daunts, nor deals defeat,
Tae faith-inspired Scottish men.

OOR NOBLE PIONEERS

Then, tae yon gallant folk o' yore
Oor gratefu' tributes lang we'll pay,
For in their faith, their zeal, their deeds,
A priceless heritage we ha'e.

A Railroad Engineer

HE CANNA choose when he'll be hame;
He's nae a choice when he'll awa';
Ere day has gane, or nicht has fled,
He's aft directed by a ca':
He bids fareweel tae wifie Jean;
He kisses a' his bairnies dear,
Then, wi' his lunch, he's aff in haste,
For he's a railroad engineer.

In simmer heat, in bonnie Spring,
In Autumn mild, in Winter raw,
He mounts his locomotive seat
Tae speed, o'er rails, for miles awa':
He watches ilka signal lamp,
Tae see that a' his track is clear;
He has a job o' life an' death,
For he's a railroad engineer.

Tho' aft he's wearie, frae lang toil,
He maunna think tae snooze ava',
But constantly, wi' een alert,
He peers intae baith sleet an' snaw.
Whyles ithers sleep their bonnie sleep,
Wi' nae a trouble nor a fear,
He flirts wi' death at midnight's 'oor,
For he's a railroad engineer.

He hauds th' lives o' lots o' folk
Maist ilka nicht an' ilka day,
Nae wonder then aft silently
He lifts his weary hert tae pray,

A RAILROAD ENGINEER

“Gi’e safety tae this train o’ mine,
Wi’ passengers frae far an’ near!
Oh, bring us safely tae oor lo’ed!”
For he’s a railroad engineer.

Awa' Tae Scotia

FOR THEE aft I'm wearie, my dearly-lo'ed Scotia,
'Cause thou art ca'd mither by brave Scottish
men;

'Tis fondly I yearn for thy beauties unmeasured,
Wi' brae an' wi' burnie, wi' loch an' wi' glen.
I'm eager tae roam 'mang thy sweet-scented heather;
I'd muse aft intently on banks o' thy Clyde;
I'm wearie tae gaze on thy lofty Ben Lomond—
O' a' thy braw mountains, thy joy an' thy pride.

I'd drap on green graves o' thy lang-buried heroes
Yon tears o' affection which aft I ha'e shed
For Scots, never conquered in life's earnest battle,
Or sodgers, wha bravely by Wallace waur led.
I'd seek, 'mang thy hillocks, yon hoose which my
faithers
Had biggit, lang syne, far awa' in Argyle;
I'd catch sweet re-echoes o' skirls frae their pibrochs,
An' there a' my sorrows I'd quickly beguile.

I'd row on thy streams, for ne'er, ne'er are they
drumlie;
I'd climb mony hillsides, tho' rugged an' steep;
I'd mingle wi' Scotsmen frae glen an' frae clachan,
Wi' college professors, or shepherds o' sheep,
For a' ha'e devotion for thee, bonnie Scotia!
They're men o' true valour, wha honour thy name:
Oh! let me awa' o'er yon deep, briny ocean,
Tae revel wi' Scotsmen, 'mang beauties at hame.

A Widow's Bairn

'T'WIS in yon days when Claverhoose
Wis searchin' moor an' glen,
Tae crush by fire an' gory sword
Th' faith o' Scottish men:
True Christians wadna dare tae meet,
Except in secret place,
Tae worship as they felt folk maun
Wha had been saved by grace.

A leader o' an humble flock,
O' men an' women true,
Wha had been saught by Claverhoose
Wis ane ca'd Donald Dhu.
Far frae th' anger o' his faes
He had tae flee an' hide:
He dwelt for safety in a cave
On a huge mountain's side.

His thirst he quenched doon at yon brook
Which trickled thro' th' glen;
His food wis brought by stealth tae him
O'er mountain crag an' fen.
Wee Jackie Grant, wi' curly locks,
His mither's yin, braw boy,
Wi' bannocks frae their humble cot
Tae Donald aft brought joy.

Ane Autumn e'en wi' mither's cakes
Concealed his plaid beneath
Wee Jackie hied tae Donald's cave,
O'er trackless Scottish heath:

A WIDOW'S BAIRN

He safely passed yon thicket thro'
An' reached a mountain ledge
Which seemed tae pierce yon lift aboon
Like a huge rocky wedge.

He paused an instant as he gazed
Doon on a dreary glen,
When frae seclusion by his path
Oot sprang two burly men:
They rudely seized wee Jockie lad—
His bannocks tauld their tale;
Then silently forenent these men
Th' chiel stood firm, tho' pale.

Th' fiercer o' these twa men said:
"Lad, listen tae me noo!
I'll give ye freedom when ye'll show
Th' cave o' Donald Dhu."
Wee Jockie shook his curly heid,
Then firmly he replied,
"I'll no' show ye, nor Claverhoose
Whaur men o' God abide!"

Yon angry man, wi' strang right han',
Hauds Jockie o'er yon brink,
Then tae him said, "Ane moment lad
I'll gi'e ye noo tae think;
Gin ye'll no' tell I'll cast ye doon
Tae yon bare rocks an' stanes,
Whaur gaunt she wolves an' carrion craws
Shall strip yer crumpled banes!"

A WIDOW'S BAIRN

“It’s waefu’ deep” th’ lad replied,
“But ah! I canna tell;
Sae cast me doon there gin ye wish,
It’s nae sae deep as hell.”
Sae doon they cast yon brave wee lad
Whase faith had held him true;
Wee Jockie Grant, th’ widow’s bairn
Met deith for Donald Dhu.

Oor Tributes Tae an Uncrowned Queen

BRAID acres o' a fertile farm,
Wi' trees o' maple an' o' pine,
Gi'e scenes which daily captivate
 A queenly, Scottish frien' o' mine.
She lo'es tae watch baith flocks an' herds
 On pasture fields o' bonnie green;
Whyles clover meadows, in their bloom,
 Ha'e charms unmeasured for her een.
An orchard's dress in days o' June,
 Is mair attractive tae her e'e
Than gorgeous robes o' finest silk,
 In latest styles, ava' can be.
She lo'es tae hear, frae morn tae e'en,
 That workday hum o' busy bees,
Whyles ilka zephyr tae her wafts
 Rich odors frae oor lilac trees
There is for her a gentle voice,
 Which sings frae ilka silv'ry stream;
It tells o' music far aboon,
 O' which we mortals fondly dream.
When Autumn gi'es her gowden hues
 Tae ilka leaf on ilka tree,
It minds her that, in gloamin' years
 Oor lives may maist attractive be;
For leaves are nae sae bonnie quite
 In Springtime as they are in Fa';
Then lives, as leaves, may brawest be,
 Yon day when heaven's reapers ca'.

OUR TRIBUTES TAE AN UNCROWNED QUEEN

Tho' silv'ry locks ha'e stealthly come,
Her tresses braw tae tinge a wee,
There's nae a senile sign ava'
About her hert, nor in her e'e.
Her guidman's fondness for hersel'
Still hauds her hert enthralled, in truth;
She kens that love in gloaming years
Is quite as deep as 'tis in youth.
'Twis women o' this queenly type
Wha gied tae Scotia envied fame;
Sae, gladly wi' a' gifts I ha'e
Let me pay tributes tae her name.

A Memory

WHEN I wis a laddie, an' ran wi' bare feet,
There lived a Scotch lassie near by on oor
street;
I see her in visions ilk time I reca'
Yon days o' my boyhood, in Dunwich awa'
For aft I ha'e heard her, sing tae a sweet tune,
"Gin ever I'll marry I'll marry in June."

Th' seasons o' Winter, o' Spring, an' o' Fa',
An' Simmer we've welcomed an' they've gane awa',
Yet, frae yon log cabin, on yonder wee hill,
Th' voice o' yon lassie I aften hear still,
As saftly an' sweetly she sings her sweet tune,
"Gin ever I'll marry I'll marry in June."

Th' voice o' yon singer abides wi' me yet—
Th' face o' yon lassie I canna forget;
Tho' lang years ha'e hastened, wi' joy an' wi' pain,
An' lang frae her lo'ed hame yon lassie has gane,
An' lang she sings sweetly anither sweet tune
In mansions o' splendour an' glory aboon.

In Affectionate Memory of Trenum Shipley, Esq.

A Bard's Lament

A SCOTTISH bard sits at his desk
A Doric verse or twa tae pen;
'Tis sadly noo he tunes his lyre,
For bards ha'e griefs as ither men.
Wi' bliss which seems tae ken nae bounds
They aften haud communion sweet;
But aft they're led by thorny paths
Doon gloomy vales tae sairly greet.

They're sometimes up on mountain peaks,
But they've their dreary glens as weel;
These twa extremes in human life
Nae folk, than bards, mair keenly feel.
They sing wi' herts in fu' attune
When flow'rs on ilka side they see;
But sadness settles on them doon
When flow'rs are ca'd tae wilt an' dee.

They're no' exempt frae troubles sair;
On them aft darkest shadows fa';
Frae them, as frae their neebor folk,
Their dearly lo'ed are ca'd awa'.
When sairest burdens on them press,
Or they're bowed doon wi' deepest grief,
They seek their harps at midnight 'oor,
Frae anguish sair tae find relief.

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF
TRENUM SHIPLEY, ESQ.

As Israel's sweetest singer mourned
For Jonathan wi' soul-felt pain,
Anither bard's cast doon in grief
'Cause frae him ane he lo'ed has gane.
Aft has this bard tae neebors said,
In days lang gane as weel as noo:
"Earth may ha'e men as noble quite
As oor lo'ed frien'—but they are few."

Yet, this Scotch bard wha's noo bereft
Shall nae ava' be weel content
Gin frae his hert's recesses deep
He canna ca' but a lament:
For whyles he'll sairly ken his loss
Till he himsel' is nae here doon,
He'll vision aft his "lo'ed an' lost"
In bliss eternal, far aboon.

Bonnie Jessie

(TUNE—ANNIE LAURIE)

I MISS thee, bonnie Jessie,
These miles an' miles awa';
I am wearie for thee, lassie—
My sonsie lassie braw;
My sonsie lassie braw—
Th' apple o' my e'e;
Hear, oh, hear me, bonnie Jessie!
Oh! hie awa' tae me.

Oor orchards are in blossom;
Their perfume's pure an' sweet;
We've a wealth o' grassy carpet,
A' ready for thy feet;
A' ready for thy feet—
It's lovely tae my e'e;
Hear, oh, hear me, bonnie Jessie!
Oh! hie awa' tae me.

We've freshness an' we've beauty,
On a' oor maple trees;
Th' sweet odour frae oor lilacs
Has freighted ilka breeze;
Has freighted ilka breeze,
In this lan' o' th' free;
Hear, oh, hear me, bonnie Jessie!
Oh! hie awa' tae me.

Thou art my plighted lassie—
Tae me I ken ye're true;

BONNIE JESSIE

Bid thy fond adieu tae Scotia,
Tae join thy laddie noo;
Tae join thy laddie noo,
Far o'er this deep, blue sea;
Hear, oh, hear me, bonnie Jessie!
Oh! hie awa' tae me.

In Grateful Memory of a Christian Friend, Mrs. William Drake

WHEN Phœbus sinks far in the west,
And gloaming shadows gently fall,
The mem'ries of "our loved and lost"

How tenderly we oft recall!
It seems a fitting time to think
Of those beloved 'twas ours to know,
In friendship and in fellowship
Whilst they were pilgrims here below.

As I in meditation dwell,
Where rippling waters by me glide,
I've thoughts of a departed life—
A noble life, this eventide:
'Twas lived by one who, to old age,
Strewed blessings on the path she trod,
And whose delight long years had been
To walk in fellowship with God.

I met her first in days of yore—
I vision now her queenly face,
Revealing culture of the mind
And knowledge of redeeming grace.
The gentle hand of passing years
With silver locks had crowned her brow,
And gave her vision keen, alert,
Which I recall so clearly now.

In years, which since have intervened,
I've met with many great and good,

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF A CHRISTIAN
FRIEND, MRS. WILLIAM DRAKE

Yet, ne'er have found one whom I deemed
A finer type of womanhood.
Now I, as one, whose life she blessed
Would here my grateful tributes pay
Mine honoured sister, and dear friend,
To realms of glory passed away.

Clouds

MAY IT not be that oftentimes
The cause of much our grieving
Is that we cast our joys all out
And then in peering round about
We find some griefs for thieving?

Yet, Providence, which never errs,
E'er deals with us in kindness;
But though our thoughts we may not say
We sometimes think the other way—
That's due to our own blindness.

A cloud may float across our path,
Yet, that's not helpless sorrow;
The sun will shine some other day
And chase the darkness all away—
'Twill shine upon the morrow.

The inner side of God-sent clouds
Is beautiful and shining;
Let's therefore turn our clouds about
And always wear them inside out,
To show the silver lining.

Ere Morning Breaks

NICHT'S mantle's o'er oor city noo;
There fa's a gentle rain;
I hear its patter, pitter, pat
Against yon window pane.
Midnicht has past, for noo I hear
Oor mantle clock strike three;
There's nae a yin awake ava'
In a' oor hoose but me;
They're wrapped in stillness at this 'oor
By Nature's bonnie sleep,
Whyles angels o'er their calm repose
Their faithfu' vigils keep.
I've 'wakened frae a deep repose,
But nae ava' tae greet,
For I shall spend an 'oor or twa
In meditation sweet.
I'll think on hills, wi' heather clad,
Ayont Atlantic's sea;
I'll think on burnies, far at hame,
Which ne'er can drumlie be.
I'll vision paths oor faithers trod,
On braes I fondly lo'e;
I'll see Scotch hawthorns, decked wi' bloom,
Beflecked wi' pearly dew.
Oh! let me gaze this quiet 'oor
On moor, on loch, an' glen,
For Scotia's soil an' water baith
Are lo'ed by Scottish men.

ERE MORNING BREAKS

Frae Scotia's water an' her soil
We've men baith brave an' braw,
Wha for their valour an' true worth
Are ne'er surpassed ava'.
Sae whyles I think on Scotia noo,
Wi' brae an' mossy glen,
I'll lift my hert in gratitude
For noble Scottish men.

Early Meditations

A WAKE, noo on my bed I lie
At dawn, or peep o' day;
Sae meditations quietly,
Yet, seriously I ha'e.
Oor busy city folk about
Are wrapped in slumber sweet;
There's nae a tread o' ony kind
I noo hear on oor street.

Wee birdies sing their early sangs
Frae ilka maple tree;
Saft southern breezes gently waft
A raven's "Caw!" tae me.
I hear a rooster's deep bass voice
A dozen rods awa';
'Tis prelude tae th' toll o' bells,
An' factory whistle's ca'.

Oor stars ha'e no' yet disappeared—
They blink a wee bit still;
Yet, in yon lift aboon my heid
I hear a whip-poor-will:
He lo'es tae soar, at peep o' dawn,
Morn's early mists amang;
He lo'es tae tune his weenie harp
Tae a guid merry sang.

He soars, wi' joy, tae lofty heights
Wi' gracefu' wing an' free;
Lord! when I'd write in braid Scotch verse
Gi'e me like liberty:

EARLY MEDITATIONS

Gi'e me th' genius o' a bard!
Gi'e me his gifted pen,
That I may sing a lofty sang
Tae gladden herts o' men.

Epithalamium

WHEN zephyrs waft, in days o' June,
Oor purple lilac's sweet perfume;
When clover meadows scent th' air,
An' roses blush wi'oot a care;
It's then ye'll heed yer laddie's ca'—
Ye'll tae an altar flit awa',
A bonnie bride.

When blossoms on oor orchard trees
Wi' sweet perfume freight ilka breeze;
When cheerie streams, wi' voices sweet,
Flow gently at thy buoyant feet;
When days are balmier than Spring,
Then weddin' bells for thee shall ring,
A bonnie bride.

When sunbeams kiss ilk pebbled brook
That winds wi' mony a curve an' crook;
When grassy carpets greet thy feet;
When Nature's dress is a' complete,
May flow'rs, an' brooks, an' a' that's braw
A benediction on thee ca',
A bonnie bride.

Frae Sandy Tae Jean

MY WEE, Scottish lassie, sae clever an' braw,
I think o' thee aften, at faither's awa';
I see thee, in fancy, wi' mither at hame;
I hear her ca' saftly thy dearly lo'ed name;
I fain wad be wi' thee, frae ilka care free,
'Mang sweet-scented clover, that's doon on th' lea;
I canna forget thee, at morn nor at e'en;
I'm wearie tae see thee, my braw, bonnie Jean.

For footsteps I listen—it's but for thine ain—
Sae fondly I listen—Alas! 'tis in vain;
For aff on vacation ye're noo gane awa',
My Hie'lan' Scotch lassie—my wee lassie braw.
I canna be hearin' thy voice which I lo'e,
But aft I reca' it—I'm daein' it noo;
An' clearly I vision twa dark hazel een,
Which Nature has gi'en thee, my braw, bonnie Jean.

Oor heather frae Scotia we canna ha'e here,
Tae gi'e tae oor hillocks a guid Scottish cheer;
But lilacs, unnumbered, are bloomin' thae noo;
Rich pastures, at gloamin', are jewelled wi' dew:
But dew-drops that glisten, an' sparkle, an' gleam;
Nor sweet-scented clover, nor silvery stream,
Nor lilacs, nor heather compare wi' thine een,
My Hie'lan' Scotch lassie, my braw, bonnie Jean.

Greatness Often Unobserved

THE DIAMOND careth not though it's unseen,
But gleams each ray of light whilst in the dark;
Our footsteps may not tread the meadows green,
Yet just as sweetly sings the meadow lark.

The stream which seemingly has sweetest songs
May be the brook, vine-clad on either side,
As if, from listless eyes of thoughtless throngs,
'Tis sought the beauties of the stream to hide.

We've far-off stars, unnoted and unknown,
Which e'er have shone and still they brightly shine
That they, with glad acclaim, may nightly own
The fadeless glory of their Lord divine.

Yon mountain rising far above its mates
May tempt our pity in its loneliness;
But in gigantic splendour there it waits
To feel the morning sunbeams' first caress.

The tenderest flow'rs that e'er our eyes have seen
Were born amid surroundings strangely rude;
The fountains which have charmed us most have
been
Those hidden far in Nature's solitude.

Earth's greatest hearts are often found alone!
Yet, they are those we ought to love the best!
Alas! too oft their greatness is unknown—
We know in part—God only, knows the rest.

Hills o' Scotia

(TUNE—ROAMING IN THE GLOAMING)

IN YON lan' o' heath an' heather,
Miles an' miles awa',
Whaur they yet ha'e stalwart laddies,
An' bonnie lassies braw,
There are mony spots o' beauty
That I'd lo'e tae see,
But th' heathered hills o' Scotia
Appeal th' maist tae me:
Scornin' ilka tempest
That manifests its rage,
They ha'e stood unruffled
'Gainst th' storms o' ilka age.
Aye! yon hills ye canna beat
For their echoes clear an' sweet—
Oh, I'm wearie
For th' hills o' Scotia!

Tak' me tae yon hills o' heather
Gin ye'd gar me glad;
They're unrivalled in their beauty
When a' wi' purple clad!
Oh! I lo'e yon hills sae bonnie,
Far awa' at hame;
There're nae ithers that untae me
For gran'eur are th' same:
Reachin' toward heaven,
In th' blue, ethereal sky,
Near aboot their summits
There are angels hov'rin' by,

HILLS O' SCOTIA

Tae sing, gin herts are wearie,
Their sangs frae heaven cheerie,
On oor bonnie,
Bonnie hills o' Scotia.

I ha'e seen them aft in vision
O'er yon briny sea,
An' I'll no' forget their beauty
Until th' day I dee.
Will th' hills be clad wi' heather
"When we've crossed th' bar?"
Will rich odour frae its blossoms
Perfume th' air afar?
Heather on th' mountains
In yon lan' o' pure delight!
Oh, for ilka Scotsman
What a joy-enthralin' sight!
Oor guid Lord delights tae bless,
Sae true Scots shall sune possess
Hills mair lovely
Than th' hills o' Scotia.

Hie'lan' Cuzen Dan

IT'S frae folk wha're blithe an' cheerie,
It's frae folk wha're frank an' free,
That we're pleased tae ha'e a visit—

They're th' folk we lo'e tae see.
I ha'e had tae see me lately
Yin o' these o' my ain clan,
Sae I gied a herty welcome
Tae my "Hie'lan' Cuzen Dan."

Lang we ha'e been trusty cronies;
Lang tae me he has been true,
Sae I've had a lot o' pleasure
Frae his visit tae me noo.
He's a braw, an' stalwart laddie—
Worthy o' oor noble clan—
Sae wi' pride I pen these verses—
He's my "Hie'lan' Cuzen Dan."

I may ca' him "brave" an' "dauntless";
It's nae fib, an' it's nae lee;
Yet, he has oor guid Scotch caution—
He's as cannie as can be.
He's a bonnie, bonnie laddie—
He's an honour tae oor clan;
Sae I gladly tell my readers,
He's my "Hie'lan' Cuzen Dan."

He is biggit, strang an' sturdy;
He's o' Donald Dinnie style;
He's developed like oor faithers
Hame awa' in dear Argyll.

HIE'LAN' CUZEN DAN

Nature deigned him for a Chieftain;
He's th' giant o' oor clan;
There's nae body wha'll deny it—
He's my "Hie'lan' Cuzen Dan."

A Tribute to a Friend

WHEN the sun, so strangely silent,
Ushers in a glorious day,
To a bard comes inspiration
On his harp to fondly play.
As old Phœbus shyly kisses
Flowerets on a misty morn,
Thoughts, as new as they are wholesome,
In the brain of bards are born.

When Sol, calmly climbing, rises
To his bright and lofty state
Of these words we are reminded,
“Gentleness shall make thee great.”
When so grandly, though descending,
He traverses homeward skies,
It's a call to all that's noble
In a poet's soul to rise.

But, as o'er the hills and mountains
He recedes far in the west,
I'm enthralled by mem'ries tender
For I'm thinking of Celeste.
Out beside the calm Pacific,
Midst the moaning, scattered pine,
Where so many are gold smelters,
Dwells this gifted friend of mine.

Long has been our cherished friendship,
Pure as pearly drops of dew,
Faithful in our days of sorrow,
Faultless when our skies were blue.

A TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND

Oh, how friendships tide us over
Trials which beset our days,
And in hours of deepest sorrows
Fill our hearts with songs of praise.

Be our pathway smooth or rocky,
Thorns or mosses for our feet,
There is bliss akin to glory
When we've fellowship that's sweet.
Yet, afar friends oft are driven
By the hand of passing time;
Thus, now weary miles are lying
'Tween me and this friend of mine.

But deep valleys, plains and forests
No true friends can ever part;
By an art which is God-given
Heart shall still commune with heart:
Nor need I the golden sunset
To enthrall me with the west,
For beyond the Rocky Mountains
I've mine honoured friend Celeste.

In Metherall's Garden Braw

I WEEN it's weel that busy folk
Heed Meditation's daily ca',
Ere tae their duties, sma' or great,
They speed their eager feet awa'.
When Phœbus rises wi' a smile,
Tae usher ben a bonnie day,
Some lo'e tae hie them tae their kirk
Afore an altar rail tae pray.
Some in a cosy den at hame
Commune wi' spirits by themsel';
But gi'e me, as a Scottish bard,
A quiet, moss-clad, native dell.

Yet, far frae hame it gars me greet
In nae Canadian glen I see
A bonnie heather sprig ava'
Tae captivate my Scottish e'e.
But I'm no' in a glen this morn,
'Mang ferns which Nature planted there;
I'm in a garden on Queen's Ave.
Which kens its owner's tender care.
Weel may this gardener o' skill
Roam 'mang his roses morn an' e'en,
For rarely in a garden plot
Can beauty like tae this be seen.

'Mang fern an' flow'r, o' ilka hue,
Which this wee garden plot adorn,
I ken that for my future guid
Desires o' hert are timely born.

IN METHERALL'S GARDEN BRAW

As here on ilka flow'r I gaze,
 Whyles dew-draps sparkle at my feet,
Tho' it's nae Sabbath morn ava',
 I've meditations that are sweet.
Here in this city-garden braw,
 As weel as in a bonnie dell,
Wi' gratefu' hert I humbly feel
 I'm near tae Nature's God Himself.

In Sweetest o' Slumbers

IN SWEETEST o' slumber I frequently dream
O' brae an' o' burnie, o' loch an' o' stream,
O' glens, deep an' shady, o' footpaths I lo'e,
On hills clad wi' heather, bejewelled wi' dew:
I see crystal fountains spring frae a hillside;
I gaze aft on Lugar, oor Dee an' oor Clyde;
I muse wi' oor Rabbie, at dearly lo'ed Ayr,
An' leave at Loch Lomond, a' sorrow an' care:
Frae hills o' Argyllshire tae bonnie Glen Shee
Rare beauty an' pleasure my dreams tae me gi'e.

Th' sweetest o' music aft gladdens my ear—
Oh, what sort o' music is yon which I hear?
It saftly re-echoes frae hillside an' glen;
Dae goblins produce it, or angels, or men?
Th' music o' David it seems tae reca',
Frae plains o' Judea, or hills far awa';
It quickly pits mettle in this hert o' mine!
Th' melody o' it seems nearly divine:
As fondly I listen, tae ilka sweet tune,
I wonder what music they'll gi'e us aboon.

But far, on a hillock, near by shaggy trees,
I see a Scotch shepherd, weel clad but his knees;
His buckles are shiny, an' braid are his shoon;
His dress far surpasses a' ithers here doon;
His braw breeks are cuddy; his bannet is blue;
His sporran is bonnie, tho' empty or fu';

IN SWEETEST O' SLUMBERS

His kilt is o' flannel, which nane can excel;
His plaid is o' tartan I wear aft masel';
But, oh! it's yon music, his pipes saftly gi'e,
That's music lik' David's sweet music tae me.

Invocational Hymn

AT THINE ain hoose this Sabbath day
We're met afore Thee, gracious Lord;
Tae worship Thee devoutly noo
Tune ilka hert tae sweet accord.
Tae lilt Thy praise wi' Zion's hymns
We ha'e a deep, intense desire;
We ken it is Thy Spirit blest
Wha truly can oor lips inspire.
Grant us, as heirs o' grace divine,
Tae worship fondly at Thy feet!
Faither, wi' Thee, at this blest 'oor
May we haud here communion sweet!
As bairns o' Adam an' o' Eve
We've traces o' their fatefu' fa';
Far oot on error's foolish paths
We'd wandered aft frae Thee awa';
Yet, by Thy Spirit we've been led
Tae seek redemption fu' an' free;
Noo, for salvation's priceless gift
We lift oor herts in praise tae Thee.
Gin we've a wish Ye canna bless,
Oh! banish it frae us awa',
That we afore Thee may appear
Wi' nae a stain o' sin ava'.
We're ben Thy hoose, wi' love unfeigned,
Because we ken Thy boundless grace;
Noo, as Thy bairnies may we see,
This Sabbath day, Thy matchless face.

In Affectionate Memory of J. B. Campbell, Esq.

FRAE willow boughs an humble bard
Seeks tae reclaim his untuned lyre;
Why canna grief, as weel as joy,
Its lang-neglected strings inspire?
Oh, can a bard, wi' hert cast doon,
Noo lilt a tender Doric lay,
Fu' o' sincere encomiums,
Which tae a brither Scot he'd pay?

Aft o' himsel' this bard has spiered,
"Can e'er a sonnet tell ava'
O' ties which bound us tae this Scot,
Wha frae oor midst has gane awa'?"
Nae wonder, when we're noo bereft,
We aften mourn wi' tear-filled een,
For lang tae us as brither braw
This true-born nobleman has been.

Oh, wha can prize mair than a bard
A hert that lang has been sae true?
Or wha can lo'e God's noblemen
Mair than a Scottish bard can lo'e?
Deep in oor hert's weel-guarded shrine
We'll fondly cherish, till we dee,
Sweet recollections o' oor lo'ed
Wha's noo frae ilka sorrow free.

He honoured wi' his daily deeds
That Lord he early learned tae lo'e;

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF
J. B. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

His life's impress on ithers fell
As gently as e'en's pearly dew.
Tho' frae oor tear-dimmed, mortal een
He's disappeared as doth a star,
We ken we'll meet "oor lo'ed an' lost"
Ayont life's far-famed harbour-bar.

In Presence o' Oor Deid

IN TENDER moor, wi' measured step,
An' wi uncovered heid,
I entered wi' a frien' o' mine
Th' chamber o' th' deid.

A dear bairn's form lies on a cot,
Assuredly at rest;
Her han's waur folded gracefu'ly
Across her peacefu' breast.

A few brief years had quite sufficed
For Nature, an' for Grace,
Tae paint a picture unsurpassed
On this sweet, bonnie face:
I mark th' beauty o' her brow,
Her cheek, her chin, her mou',
An' lips which kisses aft had prest
Tho' sealed by Death thae noo.

On this wee pillow o' her cot,
Arrayed wi' tender care,
An' a' aboot her weel-shaped heid
Lies wealth o' wavy hair.
Whyles I stand ben this cosy room,
Pervaded by Death's hush,
I ask masel', "Has fairer face
E'er tempted painter's brush?"

I charge yon ruthless archer, Death,
Wha shot that cruel dart
Frae ambush, by th' path o' life,
Which pierced a mither's hert.

IN PRESENCE O' OOR DEID

I see ance mair yon cruel cross,
Near which Christ's mither wept,
When a' yon hopes she'd entertained
Waur frae her bosom swept.

Hoo aften tae oor sair dismay
Wi' tear-dimmed een we see
Defeat, in ilka cross we ha'e,
Instead o' victory:
But as I gaze on this dear form,
Devoid o' life an' breath,
I've visions o' th' conqueror
O' Sorrow, Sin, an' Death.

We ha'e a panacea noo
Tae scatter a' yon gloom
Which in dark ages, ere Christ's death,
Had hovered o'er th' tomb.
We think about this lassie braw,
Wha frae oor midst has gane,
As wi' her Saviour an' her Lord
In her celestial hame.

Sweet flow'r, sae lately fondly kissed
By morn's unsullied dew,
Thou'st vanished ere th' noon is reached---
Oor dearly lo'ed, Adieu!
We'll see thee ne'er in beauty here,
Oor lily o' th' dell!
Oor Faither, in his mansions braw,
Has ca'd thee tae Himsel'.

In Thy Immediate Presence

GREAT God, Thy word seems tae declare
That Thou art here an' ilkawhere,
Yet, angels veil their faces fair
In Thy immediate presence.
Holy an' reverent is Thy name!
We bow oor heids in guilt an' shame!
Then, hoo may we Thy presence gain—
Thy mair immediate presence?

Thy mercy, Lord, we sairly need—
By nature we are sinners deid!
We ha'e nae righteousness tae plead
In Thy immediate presence.
Ah! hoo may we, tho' yin or ten,
Weak, sinfu' bairns o' mortal men,
Approach intae Thy presence then—
Thy mair immediate presence?

We're no' free yet, frae taints o' sin;
We ken it lurks oor herts wi'in;
Are we invited tae come ben
Thy mair immediate presence?
Nae in oor ain, but in yon name
O' Thy dear Son for sinners slain,
Wad we approach, or hope tae gain
Thy mair immediate presence.

We maunna dare tae come tae Thee
In ony mood o' levity,
But seek, in a' sincerity,
Thy mair immediate presence.

IN THY IMMEDIATE PRESENCE

Faither! Thy voice we'd lo'e tae hear;
We trust that we ha'e filial fear,
As noo we hope tae venture near
Thy mair immediate presence.

We've grieved Thee sairly, yin an' a',
Yet, for Thy pardon fu' we ca';
Ah! dinna cast us noo awa'
Frae Thy immediate presence!
An' when oor tasks on earth are o'er
May it be true, "we're gane afore"
Tae safely moor on Canaan's shore,
In Thy immediate presence.

In My Bonnie Native Glen

HIS nae mair a braw young laddie,
Still he's strang an' stalwart yet;
He's a splendid type o' Scotsman
That I'll ne'er ava' forget.
It has been my honoured pleasure
Lang this sturdy Gael tae ken,
For he won his winsome wifie
In my bonnie native glen.

Pardon, here this bit digression,
Lassies noo are nae my theme;
Yet, bricht een o' youth-day maidens
In my visions aften gleam.
Maist oor lassies then waur rosy—
They'd nae need o' talcum then;
Nature gied us pink-cheeked beauties
In my bonnie native glen.

Nae for lang this gallant Scotsman,
Frae anither noble clan,
Spied oor neebor's eldest dochter
Ere his coortship weel began.
Ither laddies spied this lassie—
Wooers had their rivals then,
For oor maids o' rarest beauty
In my bonnie native glen.

Ah! we maunna blame oor laddies,
It's an easy thing tae lo'e
A Scotch lassie wha's as bonnie
As oor heather, flecked wi' dew.

IN MY BONNIE NATIVE GLEN

Best o' lads ha'e bravely ventured
Up an' doon, o'er crag an' fen,
For oor sonsie, Scottish lassies
In my bonnie native glen.

Aften at oor neebor's cottage—
Humble, yet baith neat an' braw,
By a lassie fair enchanted
Aonghas wiled glad 'oors awa'.
There's anither hoose erected,
'Neath th' shelter o' a ben,
But he'll no' forget yon cabin
In my bonnie native glen.

There'll be happiness unmeasured
When frae ilka grief we're free,
Whaur braw hills may ha'e Scotch heather—
But there'll no' be ony sea:
There we'll ha'e oor blest re-unions
Wi' oor lo'ed an' lost ye ken;
Lads an' lassies fondly plighted
In my bonnie native glen.

We a' Maun Fade

OOR AUTUMN days bring tae us braw leaves o'
 ilka hue,
But silently they're drappin' tae mither earth th'
 noo;
We see them flutter daily, doon frae oor tallest tree,
Yet, we are no' dumbfounded, for 'tis their time tae
 dee;
It's when oor leaves, sae bonnie, fa' when 'tis early
 Spring
Oor herts are moved tae sadness—we feel yon
 pairtin' sting:
'Tis when oor young an' stalwart are ca'd frae us
 awa'
That sairly we're dumbfounded—we're saddened
 ane an' a'.
Wi' ithers I've been silent, in sair an' sudden grief!
Can aught bring tae us comfort or gi'e oor herts
 relief?
Can we, frae mournfu' willows tak' doon oor harp
 ance mair,
An' frae it's strings ha'e music, tae cheer oor herts
 sae sair?
A trusted, guid companion nae mair's wi' us ava',
For ane we lo'ed sae fondly is ca'd frae earth awa'.
His earthly mission's ended, an' we are left alane,
But oor depairted woo us aboon whaur they ha'e
 gane.
Yon door thro' which they entered, for us, noo stands
 ajar,

WE A' MAUN FADE

As hands o' lo'ed anes beckon, tae us, frae shores
afar:

We see yon shores in vision, an' tho' on earth we're
doon,

We hear their ca' tae mansions in endless bliss
aboon.

In Affectionate Memory of a Beloved Friend, Mrs. Moses W. Graham

ONE BY one our friends are passing
From the view of mortal eyes;
Constantly our loved are homing
To their mansions in the skies:
Kindest deeds are gladly proffered
While our dear ones lie in pain;
Nurse and doctors are attentive,
But our loved can not remain.

Tenderly are voices calling—
Hands are beck'ning them away,
While beside their fluffy couches
We're entreating them to stay.
We see not those hands which beckon,
Nor sweet voices do we hear;
But our loved have visions clearer,
And acuter is their ear.

Sadly, softly and grief-stricken,
Our farewells to them we say;
Though to realms of fadeless glory
Angels lead them on their way.
Their departing casts upon us
Grief and sorrows, keen and deep;
Then in loneliness we often
Steal away to sadly weep.

Of ourselves we think in pity,
Burdened 'neath our load of care;

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF A BELOVED
FRIEND—MRS. MOSES W. GRAHAM

We forget those happy welcomes
For our loved ones over there,
On those shores they'll not be quitting,
To return to earth again,
Till that blood-bought host from glory
Comes with Christ, the King, to reign.

September

SEPTEMBER! we ha'e missed thee,
Whyles thou hast been awa',
Oor dearly-lo'ed—oor first born
O' a' oor months o' Fa'.
Thou'rt gentle, braw, an' bonnie—
Thou'rt fairest o' a' fair;
Sae noo we bid thee welcome,
Wi' a' thy beauty rare.

Paint stem, an' leaf, an' floweret,
An' e'en o' ilka day,
As weel as vale an' summit
Wi' gowden hues ye ha'e;
Then, as we gaze on beauty
Which a' aboot is seen,
We'll laud thee, dear September!
Frae early morn till e'en.

For thee we ha'e been wearie
For weeks an' months, thae noo;
Tho' lang thou hast been absent
Tae thee we ha'e been true.
Ye haena been forgotten
When frae us far awa';
Tho' ithers ha'e been bonnie,
We've lo'ed thee best o' a'.

We've nae been sairly tempted
By months, baith braw an' gay,
Tae be ava' forgetfu'
O' a' th' charms ye ha'e;

SEPTEMBER

But we ha'e waited for thee—
For thee, we fondly lo'e,
Sae we're supremely happy
That thou art wi' us noo.

Midnight Meditations

SOMETIMES when maist a' ither folk
Ha'e drapped intae a blissfu' snooze,
A' by masel' I lie awake

On pleasant things tae calmly muse.
I dinna let a worry sair

Molest my meditations sweet;
When ither folk ha'e happy dreams
Is no' a time for me tae greet.

In meditation I'm impressed
Oor favours here are nae a few;
God proves His love for a' His bairns
By tokens ilka day anew;
Sae I wad rather lie awake
Tae meditate an 'oor or twa,
Than sleep frae e'en tae rosy morn
But ne'er think seriously ava'.

Aft I reca' my schule-lad days—
They're noo a muckle space awa'—
Yet, vividly I see wi' joy,
Maist ilka lad an' lassie braw,
As tae oor studies we repaired,
Or sported on a grassy green;
Oh! let me ha'e these scenes o' youth
Till life has reached her gowden e'en.

I vision aft yon lan' o' cakes
Ayont a briny, bonnie sea;
I think on burnies, far at hame,
Which ne'er ava' can drumlie be.

MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS

I fancy hills wi' heather clad,
Sae bonnie tae my Scottish een;
Nae ither hills are robed as they
'Mang a' majestic hills I've seen.

I see a shepherd in his plaid—
There're lammies cuddled at his feet—
Whyles frae his pipes, which weel he plays,
They listen tae Scotch music sweet.
Nae wonder gentle lammies lo'e
Tae cosie by their shepherd near;
Yon music frae his bonnie pipes
Dispels their deepest, ilka fear.

Awa' 'mang Judah's ancient hills
Oor ain Guid Shepherd still I see;
Love's manifested on His face;
There's pity in His matchless e'e;
Sae aft I reckon wi' masel'
There're compensations that I reap
For meditations which I choose
Instead o' Nature's bonnie sleep.

Isabel Graham

A SONSIE, wee lassie o' late I ha'e seen;
Her locks are o' flaxen; deep blue are her een;
Her cheeks are sae pinkish nae talcum maun mar;
Her lips are as rose-buds, yet, sweeter by far:
She's bonnie as blue-bells, which she's left at hame—
This sonsie Scotch lassie, Miss Isabel Graham.

She's modest, she's winsome, she's bonnie, she's
braw;
Her voice is as music which steals care awa';
Wi' greatest o' pleasure I listen tae her;
She has tae perfection oor rich Scottish burr-r-r;
It's easy tae reckon she's nae lang frae hame—
This sonsie Scotch lassie, Miss Isabel Graham.

Her hair she's nae bobbit, as plenty girls noo;
A wealth o' saft tresses encircle her broo;
Her een ha'e a sparkle which seldom is seen—
Her gentle, her clever, her roguish blue een:
Yon lad will be happy wha gi'es her his name—
This sonsie Scotch lassie, Miss Isabel Graham.

At hame, in dear Scotia, on hillsides she grew,
'Mang oceans o' heather bejewelled wi' dew;
Frae brae an' frae burnie, an' heather sae braw,
This gentle, sweet lassie is noo far awa';
Yet, here amang maples she'll bless a guid hame—
This sonsie Scotch lassie, Miss Isabel Graham.

Sabbath Morn in Native Glen

OOR WINTRY days ha'e fled awa';
It is oor matchless month o' June;
Tae zephyrs noo oor orchard trees
Gi'e lavishly their rich perfume.
I'm no' at kirk this Sabbath morn;
I choose instead this mossy dell;
By Nature's lure I'm ca'd awa'
Tae humbly worship by masel'.

Wi' gratefu' hert I'll lilt my thanks
For this wee, bonnie, moss-clad glen,
Sae near tae Nature's God Himsel';
Sae far frae haunts o' busy men.
This Sabbath morn, through a' this vale,
Spared frae man's innovations a',
Nae hireling dares tae pipe his tune,
Nor costlly organ groans ava'.

Yet, bonnie ferns wi' flowerets fair
Gi'e praises comely tae their Lord,
Whyles Nature's orchestra, unmatched,
Gi'es music sweet, in fu' accord.
Noo ben my hert I deeply feel
I'm no' at worship by masel',
For praises rise, frae morn tae e'en,
Frae ilka lily o' this dell.

Yon hilltap, far aboon my heid,
Points tae a Being wha's divine;
This limpid brook sings o' its God;
"Amen!" says ilka lofty pine.

SABBATH MORN IN NATIVE GLEN

Let Modernists, in steepled kirks,
Tae ready ears their theories tell;
Instead I'll ha'e true sermonettes
Frae ferns an' flowerets o' this dell.

This lowly moss, yon stately pine,
Flowerets an' ferns, ca'd tae this glen,
Convince me that there lives a King,
Wi' wisdom far aboon oor ken.
When I see new-born beauty rare,
Beflecked at morn wi' pearly dew,
It's nae a message which denies
Man's need this age for birth anew.

In ilka flow'r which decks this vale
There is a voice which speaks tae me;
It tells o' beauty far aboon
Which wi' immortal een we'll see.
For frequent meditation sweet
Gi'e then tae me a bonnie dell;
There God in Nature gi'e tae me
A revelation o' Himsel'.

Maggie's Cleanin' Hoose

OOR nicht has gane! Daybreak has dawned!
'Tis five o'clock, or nigh!

I main arise for it's nae time

For busy folk tae lie:

I'm wearie for a bit mair sleep,

But hoot! it's tae nae use;

I've stoves tae lift; I've rugs tae beat,

For Maggie's cleanin' hoose.

Sae up I spring for I ken weel

What's what when Maggie knocks;

But, here nor there, I canna find

My breeks, my shoon, my socks:

Yet, I'll no' say a wicked word—

Th' worst I'll say is "Deuce!"

That is a sort o' safety valve

Whyles Maggie's cleanin' hoose.

I canna find my underwear,

My bannet, plaid, nor kilt,

Tho' I ha'e searched oor hoose aboot,

Clad in a woollen quilt:

As yet, I've said nae word amiss—

I've thirteen times said "Deuce!"

I think I rival Job himsel',

For Maggie's cleanin' hoose.

What I shall ha'e tae break my fast

Is deep concern tae me;

What shall I get at dunner time?

What shall I ha'e for tea?

MAGGIE'S CLEANIN' HOOSE

I'll no' get beefsteak, lamb, nor fish,
Nor turkey, duck, nor goose,
Nor veal, nor tripe, nor ham an' eggs,
For Maggie's cleanin' hoose.

Is there nae spot—nae favored clime—
Nae paradise awa',
Whaur folk are happy an' content,
Yet, ne'er clean hoose ava'?
Alas! fond visions o' yon place
Are but o' little use,
For I've nae time for fairy dreams
Whyles Maggie's cleanin' hoose.

Mo Bhalach Beag Bann

A MANG my near neebors there's yin wha is new;
His locks are o' flaken; his een are o' blue;
He's frae a big city, an' nae frae th' soil;
His puddies are puddies unsullied by toil;
They're jewelled wi' dimplets; they're lily-white, too,
An' Nature has gied him a cherry-ripe mou':
He's fair as a lassie—this modest, wee man;
In Gaelic I ca' him, "Mo Bhalach Beag Bann."

He sets an example for ithers a' richt
Wha're inclined tae frolic frae hame ilka nicht;
He dines verra herty, then, when he's weel fed,
He dons his pajamas a' ready for bed.
He's handsome, an' winsome, an' clever, an' braw,
This newest o' neebors, aboot a yard ta';
He never molests me, nor yin o' my clan—
This modest, wee neebor—"Mo Bhalach Beag
Bann."

But language here fails me—oor braid Scotch
itsel'—

His characteristics an' virtues tae tell;
But whyles I am versin' a picture I'll gi'e,
Tae a' my fond readers as noo it I see:
Spy th' mist o' th' morn, wi' sun peerin' throo,
Bonnie kisses tae gi'e tae oor wee draps o' dew,
Then a likeness ye'll ha'e o' this weenie man,
I ca' in oor Gaelic, "Mo Bhalach Beag Bann."

Autumn Wishes

THIS bonnie weather which we ha'e,
Aft gars a body feel
He'd lo'e tae muse, frae morn tae e'en,
An' braid Scotch verses spiel:
Oh, may I lay my toil aside,
At least a day or twa,
Tae gaze on Nature's bonnie dress,
These matchless days o' Fa'!
I'd trace oor streams which deeper doon
Their channels daily wear;
Then gladly tae oor Autumn gales
I'd cast my ilka care.
At dawn, or e'en, I canna sit
On bonnie banks o' Clyde,
But let me muse by river Thames,
At dewy eventide,
For tho' her waters sluggish seem,
An' aften drumlie are,
Perchance they'll carry me awa'
Tae lochs an' streams afar.
I canna climb oor Scottish hills,
'Mang purple heather noo,
But may I roam 'mang maple trees
Wi' leaves o' ilka hue—
'Mang trees which nod their lofty heids
Whyles Autumn gales gae by,
Tae rustle ilka bonnie leaf,
Or gar oor pines tae sigh.

AUTUMN WISHES

I'd muse 'mang flow'rs which sune maun fade,
An' say their lang adieu,
For sadly, noo, I comprehend
Their days are strangely few.
I'd loiter 'mang green, grassy graves,
Which no' are far frae me,
Whyles zephyrs sing their daily sangs
O' matchless melody,
Which ca' us frae this earth beneath
Tae lift oor een o'erheid;
Their voices saft an' sweet I hear
Which whisper, "There's nae deid."
I'd view th' mists o' early morn,
Wi' Phœbus peerin' thro';
I'd wearie ne'er o' Nature's charms
Till e'en's bedecked wi' dew;
It's nae till shadows lang ha'e grown,
An' shades o' darkness fa',
I'd turn me tae th' haunts o' men,
Or hameward wend my wa'.
Oh! let me roam, a day at least,
Whyles bonnie days we ha'e;
Then gi'e a rustic bard thine ear
An' listen tae his lay.

Oor Bonnie Jean

OOR SPRING an' Simmer baith are gane;
Oor Autumn days ha'e fled awa';
Oor hillocks, valleys, an' oor plains
Are 'neath a coat o' riven snaw.
We're in th' grip o' Winter noo;
Oor earth has lost her garb o' green;
Yet, it's nae that which gars me greet—
It's absence o' oor bonnie Jean.

I'd be a brave undaunted Scot,
Yet, I maun greet as a' true men,
When yin wha I sae fondly prize
Nae mair is in my bonnie glen.
I've no' forgotten her ava'
Tho' far frae me she lang has been;
I canna tell in verse, nor prose,
Hoo I ha'e missed oor bonnie Jean.

Oor silvery streams are ice-clad noo;
We yearn for tunes they canna gi'e,
But sweeter far than a' their sangs
Wad be th' voice o' Jean tae me.
Yet, ere th' warmth o' gentle Spring
Shall garb oor earth again wi' green,
Beneath my plaid, in Scottish style,
I'll fondly row oor bonnie Jean.

Wi' matchless voice, in perfect Scotch,
Wi' accents sweet she'll sing me then,
Yon sangs which picture tae my e'e
Th' beauties o' my native glen.

OUR BONNIE JEAN

Tho' nae a garden flow'r we ha'e,
 Beflecked wi' dew, at morn nor e'en,
'Twill no' be Winter in my hert
 When I'll ha'e back oor bonnie Jean.

Oor Scottish Saint

TIME swiftly wings her onward flight!
November's dreary days are here;
In honour o' oor saint, ere lang,
We Scots shall meet anither year.
Tae an appointed place we'll hie
November's hindmaist day at e'en,
St. Andrew's name tae eulogize,
As Scottish custom lang has been.

We'll no' forget, mair cleverness
Than ither saints oor Andrew had,
For tae his Lord, in desert place,
He timely led a market lad,
Wha ben his basket had for sale
Five barley loaves an' fishes twa,
Which satisfied sair hungry folk
Ere Jesus sent them hame awa'.

Nae ither o' yon chosen twal
Had wits sae keen, nor een as he
Yon laddie wi' his basket store
Amang yon multitude tae see:
Sae it's appropriate ye ken
That Andrew o' a' saints be oor,
For, when compared wi' ither folk
Ye'll find that Scots are nae sae dour.

Then, ye'll remember verra weel,
Tho' lang tae glory Andrew's gane,
That, like true Scots ha'e ever been,
He'd deep concern aboot his ain:

OUR SCOTTISH SAINT

For when Messiah he had met,
Then had wi' Him communion sweet,
Tae Judah's lang-expected King
He introduced his brither Pete.

Sae truly Andrew is a type
O' Scottish folk, frae hill an' glen;
Nae ither Saint wad dae ava'
Tae represent oor Scottish men,
Wha're clever, clannish, keen, alert;
Wha're first tae find; wha're first tae lead;
Nor shall oor Saint forgotten be
Till ilka Scot on earth is deid.

Suggested by Late Autumn

BAITH Spring an' Simmer noo are gane;
Oor Autumn days are nearly by;
Hoar-frosts ha'e nipped oor bonnie leaves
That noo in silence sadly lie—
Tae moulder at oor feet.
'Twis grief tae see them flutter doon—
It gied oor herts a painfu' sting;
Yet, it's been sadder, sadder far,
Tae see leaves drap in cheerie Spring—
For them we sairly greet.

Oor Autumn seems a fitter time
For leaves, on ilka shrub an' tree,
Tae heed a mystic, silent ca'
Which bids them wither, shrivel, dee—
For Winter's near aheid.
But 'tis in Springtime birdies braw
Rejoice tae lilt their sweetest sangs;
Gin, then we see leaves flutter doon
It gi'es oor herts deep, bitter pangs—
Oor bonnie leaves are deid.

There're seasons in these lives we ha'e,
Tho' mony dinna reach them a';
Ilk bairnie born glints Springtime's cheer,
Far fewer reach a gowden Fa',
Or Winter's riper years.
In heat o' Simmer lots pass oot;
Unnumbered hosts ha'e drapped in Spring,

SUGGESTED BY LATE AUTUMN

When countless birds, by pebbled brooks,
Their cheerie notes sae sweetly sing—
Tae folk in bitter tears.

When heaven's immortal shores are reached
We'll ne'er see leaves drap sadly doon;
Nor shall oor een shed mourners' tears
When we are folded safe aboon—
Gin that's oor happy lot.
I vision aft that blissfu' place
Wi' nae a shade ava' o' gloom;
Sometimes I fancy that we'll ha'e
Oor heather there in fadeless bloom—
Is it that I'm a Scot?

October Weather

WHEN flowerets fair, wi' fragrance sweet,
Are wood an' field adornin',
An' ilka bird sings tae its mate
Its love-sang ilka mornin':
When ilka pebbled brook, in Spring,
Wi' waters clear is flowin',
An' grass, tae carpet a' oor earth,
Luxuriously is growin';
'Tis then I lo'e my harp th' best—
My trusty Doric lyre;
For dull indeed's a Scottish bard
That Spring can no' inspire.
But poets lo'e th' frosts an' snaw
O' Winter, lang an' wearie;
Oor days o' Simmer an' o' Fa'
Aft gi'e them topic cheerie.
Oor Autumn season noo we ha'e,
Sae aft I ha'e desire
Tae sing oor braid Scotch tae a tune—
Gi'e me my Doric lyre!
Gin I waur far awa' at hame
Amang oor bonnie heather,
I cudna wish mair pleasant days
Than this October weather:
Sae why may I no' sing my sangs
In oor progressive city?
Gin folk oor braid Scotch dinna ken
Then mair's for them my pity.

Oor Bairnies are Awa'

WE HA'E oor gowden Autumn noo,
Sae bonnie tae oor e'e;
There're melons in oor garden plot;
There's fruit on ilka tree;
Yet, there's a sadness in oor hoose
This bonnie, bonnie Fa';
'Tis verra easy tae explain—
Oor bairnies are awa'.

Some dinna ca' their younglin's "bairns"—
They ca' them "kiddies" noo;
Let me still ha'e oor guid Scotch term—
Yon is th' name I lo'e:
A name that is for weenie goats,
Is nane for lassies braw;
It's nae oor "kids" wha are frae hame—
Oor bairnies are awa'.

Gin I ha'e worries tae molest,
Or sorrows tae beguile,
I dinna crave a cheerie drap—
Gi'e me a younglin's smile!
Tho' Autumn gi'es me gowden hues
I'm nae content ava';
I'm wearie for th' mirth o' youth—
Oor bairnies are awa'.

I miss these bonnie bairns o' mine,
At morn, at noon, at e'en;
Then sadly ilka place I roam
Whaur hitherto they've been.

OUR BAIRNIES ARE AWA'

But maist o' a' I miss oor bairns,
When shades o' gloamin' fa';
Aft tae their mither then I say,
Oor bairnies are awa'.

When war had spread hersel' abroad,
At Kaiser Bill's decree,
Sair conflict raged in fury wild,
On earth, in air, at sea;
Brave British bairnies firmly stood,
Tho' early some maun fa';
At hame fond parents then aft said,
Oor bairnies are awa'.

We aften still, at gloamin's 'oor,
Sit doon tae sairly greet,
For hosts o' gallant, bonnie bairns,
We ne'er on earth shall meet:
Gin safely presently aboon,
We're folded yin an' a',
We ne'er shall hear this sad lament,
Oor bairnies are awa'.

On Hills o' Argyle

I GAE aft on a visit tae Scotia,
Far awa' in yon bonnie, blue sea;
I muse aft on th' banks o' Loch Lomond,
An' gae doon on th' slopes o' Glen Shee.
Oh, what beauties has Nature gied Scotia!
I ha'e said tae masel' aftenwhyle,
As I've gazed on rich scenes a' about me
Frae oor heather-clad hills o' Argyle.

These braw braes ha'e been trod by brave
shepherds,
An' th' skirls o' their pipes, saft an' clear,
Still re-echo, as they ha'e for ages,
Sae th' sweetest o' music I hear.
"Oh! what music shall we ha'e in heaven?"
I ha'e askit masel' aftenwhyle,
As my ears by Scotch tunes ha'e been ravished,
Far awa' on oor hills o' Argyle.

I aft hear th' sweet voice o' a singer,
As thro' glens o' marked beauty it rings:
I ken weel it's th' sang o' a Scotsman
As in Gaelic God's praises he sings.
Shall we ha'e baith oor braid Scotch an' Gaelic,
When nae sorrows we'll ha'e tae beguile?
Tae masel' aft this question I've askit
As I've mused on oor hills oor Argyle.

Shall redeemed frae a' tribes, an' a' nations,
Up in glory sing tae a Scotch tune?

ON HILLS O' ARGYLE

Shall th' bairnies o' Grace roam for ever,
On rich, heather-clad hillsides aboon?
Shall we hear th' sweet skirl o' oor pibroch,
When ne'er sin shall oor garments defile?
There's nae answer but "Yea!" tae these questions
For a Scot on oor hills o' Argyle.

Oor Ingleside

FOLK travel noo for miles awa'—
They're a' on pleasure bent—
Yet, gin they reach oor farthest shores
They're no' ava' content.
Oor choicest pleasures, doon on earth,
Are by oor hames supplied;
Oor foretastes here o' bliss aboon,
Are at oor ingleside.

Oor guid Creator's wise decree
Ordained th' hallowed hame;
A' folk wha serve their fellows best
Revere that sacred name.
Th' greatest influence we feel
Is by oor hames supplied;
For weal or wae, maist lives are cast
At their ain ingleside.

Oor forebears, an' oor ain lo'ed bairns,
We cherish an' haud dear;
Th' name o' mither, wife, an' hame
Are sweetest we ha'e here.
Th' safest guards for oor dear lan',
An' ither lan's beside,
Are weel committed tae th' trust
O' ilka ingleside.

There're dangers sair, in oor swift age,
O' breakin' doon th' hame;
Gin this be gane there maun arrive
Disaster fu' an' shame.

OUR INGLESIDE

What has made Scotland what she is?
Tae ye I'll noo confide—
It wis yon hallowed atmosphere
O' ilka ingleside.

Affection gars a hoose a hame,
Altho' that hoose be sma';
Gin that be absent—then, alas!
It's nae a hame ava'.
God gi'e His richest, choicest joys
Tae bridegroom an' tae bride,
Wha, in th' fear o' heaven big
A model ingleside.

Mair Aboot Scotia

I HA'E aften clear visions o' Scotia,
An' they sometimes inspire my pen;
I am fond o' th' beauties o' Nature—
I'm a bard o' th' loch an' th' glen.
I lo'e aft tae romance by sweet Afton,
By Lugar, by Don, or by Dee;
I climb aft on th' steepes o' Ben Arthur,
Or gae doon on th' slopes o' Glen Shee,
For a' glens an' braw braes o' dear Scotia
Ha'e a richness which seem a' their ain;
That is why I return tae this subject
An' I verse aboot Scotia again.

When I wish tae gi'e cheer tae my spirits
An' a' griefs an' a' sorrows beguile,
I awa', verra gladly, an' swiftly,
Tae oor heather-clad hills o' Argyle.
When I roam on th' uplan's o' Scotia,
Or gae doon tae th' shades o' a dell,
Hoo my youth is renewed like an eagle's
Nane ava' but a Scotsman can tell;
Sae my hert has been aft times in Scotia,
Far awa' in yon bonnie, blue sea;
An' except this dear "Lan' o' th' Maple,"
It's th' dearest o' a' lan's tae me.

Songs of the Night

THEY who climb the highest hilltops,
In the joys 'tis theirs to know,
Oft are those who in their sorrows
Deepest into valleys go.
Few have e'er rejoiced as David
In the ecstasies of bliss,
Yet, when anguish overtakes him
'Tis a bottomless abyss.

Those who sing their songs most sweetly
When from sorrow they've relief,
Have the hearts which feel the keenest
All the pangs of bitter grief:
But the brave sing in the darkness
And the anguish of their night,
For they know, by faith unconquered,
That at morn it shall be light.

Paul and Silas sang at midnight
Songs of triumph, loud and clear,
Though their feet with stocks were fettered
In that prison dark and drear.
Strangely sweet has been the singing
Of some bards at morning light!
Yet, no songs have e'er been sweeter
Than some born in darkest night.

Oh, She's th' Lass for Me!

THO' priceless beauty stars possess,
An' charms which woo oor herts they ha'e,
Stars gently fade in sun-lit skies—

They blush in presence o' oor day.
But I confess it gars me greet

When bonnie lassies aft I see
Wha ha'e th' beauty o' oor stars

But lack their sane propriety.
I lo'e a lassie wi' a smile,
An' wi' a sparkle in her e'e;
I lo'e a lassie wha retains
Her God-gi'en grace o' modesty.

By Nature's wise economy
Oor moonlicht wanes, an' stars grow few,

When, wi' a tenderness unique
Morn's sunbeams kiss wee draps o' dew.

There may be lassies verra few
Wha dress tae please a Scot like me;

I lo'e tae see a lassie's frock
That's nae designed for scarcity.

I lo'e a lassie best o' a—
Oh! readers she's th' lass for me,

Wha rivals God's appointed stars
For unaffected modesty.

Nae clover fields, tho' a' in bloom,

Oor roses braw, oor lilies fair,
Nor heather, on oor hills at hame,
Can wi' a modest lass compare.

OH, SHE'S TH' LASS FOR ME!

Nae smile as hers can be sae sweet;
Her face is fairest that I see;
Her splendid life, an' no' her frock,
Charms me wi' its transparency.
Gi'e me a lassie wha can blush—
Can blush in a' sincerity;
A gentle, modest, Scottish lass
Maun ever be th' lass for me!

Oor Noble Deid

(WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING OF THE
SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT EUGENIA, ONTARIO,
ON JULY 22nd, 1921.)

DEAR mithers, wha ha'e gien yer sons,
For righteousness an' hame,
Deep in oor herts we ha'e a shrine,
Reserved for thy son's name.
We honour a' oor sodgers brave,
O' ilka clan an' creed;
We lo'e oor laddies noo returned;
We lo'e oor honoured deid.

We drap oor tears o' gratitude
On ilka Flanders grave,
Which hauds a form o' yin wha fell
Oor heritage tae save,
An' calmly waits, in sweet repose,
Wi' poppies o'er his heid,
Till God shall ca' His bairnies frae
Their slumbers 'mang yon deid.

Then we shall meet oor lo'ed an' lost,
Frae ilka sorrow free,
An' fellowship wi' them aboon
Thro' a' eternity.
We're gratefu' noo tae a' oor lads
Wha bravely scorned tae yield,
But meet fierce Huns, wi' courage rare,
On Flanders' gory field.

OUR NOBLE DEID

Sae nae Eugenian folk o' worth
 Wad be ava' content,
Till they, in mem'ry o' oor lo'ed
 Had reared a monument.
When earth, an' seas, an' a' are fled
 An' time itsel' is gane,
Then they wha fell, an' they wha reared,
 Shall hear yon guid "Weel dane!"

Our Friends

THERE ne'er has been a time in life
We needed not a friend;
Nor will this need from us depart
Till life itself shall end.

We need a friend to cheer, or check,
Our feet from day to day,
When in the path of right we lag,
Or verge on error's way.

We need a friend—a priceless friend—
When joys upon us smile;
In sorrow's night we need a friend;
Our anguish to beguile.
Not all who friendship have professed
In test will prove they're true;
Yet, there has ne'er been day nor night
When not a friend we knew.

Our friends we're ever glad to meet;
We're sorry e'er to part,
For stronger grow the ties which bind
When heart communes with heart.
Those tender ties which twine our lives
No giant's strength can break;
Nor aught on earth can tempt a friend
A loved one to forsake.

'Mongst those who're noble or reverse,
In stations low or high,
No man e'er liveth to himself,
Nor to himself can die.

OUR FRIENDS

When, in life's fadeless web we weave
Our noblest deeds, we blend
The silk, the silver, and the gold
We owe to some dear friend.

Musing at Gloaming

ALONE, I am musing as shades of the gloaming
O'ertake, in the silence, the last beams of light,
And far o'er the landscape, with hill and with valley,

I sadly see spreading the mantle of night.
Alas, that by darkness earth's beauties are stolen!

The forest with mosses, with floweret and tree,
The meadows of clover, the gardens of roses,
And orchards in blossom are stolen from me.

Oh, they are not stolen for ever and ever!

They only are hidden a time from my view!
For all that we lose, at the fall of the gloaming,
The day again giveth to me and to you.

Sometimes disappointments will steal on our
pathway,

O'ertaking, in silence, our prospects so bright,
And far o'er the landscape, which fondly we painted,
We sadly see spreading the mantle of night.

We're robbed of our gardens of beautiful roses!

No longer our forests with flowerets we see!
The buds and the blossoms, of promise and beauty,
The robber has stolen from you and from me.

Oh, they are not stolen for ever and ever!

They only are hidden a time from our view!
For all that we lose, at the fall of the gloaming,
The day again giveth to me and to you.

Pleasures o' a Scottish Bard

ON WOODLAN' paths I've fondly roamed
When balmy days o' gentle spring
Ha'e ca'd oor bonnie birdies braw
Their cheerie sangs tae sweetly sing.
I've lo'ed tae see yon flowerets fair
Which on oor earth ha'e deigned tae smile,
As messengers frae happy shores
Oor winter sorrows tae beguile;
They've mocked oor sexton's "Dust tae dust";
They've whispered, "Death has conquered been!"
Whyles maple boughs aboon my heid
Ha'e ca'd, "Amen!" wi' leaves o' green.

I've listened tae mad waters rush
Wi' nae a moment's canny care;
I've watched them as 'mang pebble stanes
They deeper doon their channels wear.
I've traced yon silvery streamlets braw
Which thro' oor clover meadows glide;
I've marked their banks o' beauty rare
Which rise aboon on either side:
Then in my hert I've felt a wish
Which ilka year sinks deeper doon—
A wish that tae sweet, silvery strains
I' may my harp mair aptly tune.

I've aften gazed on starry lifts,
As David did in years lang gane;
I've tried their impress tae describe,
But maist my efforts ha'e been vain:

PLEASURES O' A SCOTTISH BARD

Yet, I am glad I fondly gazed;
These bonnie scenes may lang inspire
A Scottish bard wha humbly seeks
Tae brawlie tune his Doric lyre,
That he may sing a sweet refrain
Tae echo far o'er moor an' fen,
Tae find a lodgment for itsel'
In honest herts o' noble men.

When day is crowned wi' dewy e'en,
Whyles a braw sunset fades an' dees,
I've breathed yon atmosphere o' June
Perfumed wi' bloom o' lilac trees.
Then I ha'e stood enthralled afitimes
By gowden beauties o' oor Fa';
They carry me tae ither scenes
Whaur beauties ne'er shall fade ava';
These visions gi'e me hert-felt joys
Whyles I at verses sit me doon:
Nor dare I hope for truer bliss
Till safe in glory far aboon.

Seeking and Serving

A WISE and noted king once wished,
And mine his wish shall be,
'Twas that he'd ne'er have riches great,
Nor feel deep poverty.
I do not ask the beggar's lot,
Nor crave I untold means;
I'd rather have a quiet place,
Between the two extremes.

If wealth and honour come to me,
In God's unerring plan,
I'll humbly take them from His hand
And be a grateful man:
Yet, I'll not grieve if I'm not known
To earth's remotest ends;
I'd rather have my neighbor folk
Mine everlasting friends.

I have no quarrel with those who seek
The honoured seats in state;
I envy not the few who win
Both these and riches great:
But I am more concerned, by far,
As days go swiftly by—
The help that I to men can give
I'll not from them deny.

It pleases Providence when we
Entreat His hand for much,
That we may give to bleeding hearts
The tender, healing touch.

SEEKING AND SERVING

If thus I spend the fleeting years
Then, when this life shall end,
They who have known me best will say,
Mankind has lost a friend.

Scotlan' Forever!

I AFT see in visions yon hills clad wi' heather;
I think on Scotch blue bells bejewelled wi' dew.
They're ayont yon ocean—yon briny, blue ocean,
Yet fondly baith heather an' blue bells I lo'e.
I'm prood o' yon people sae aften ca'd clannish,
A people wha're canny as canny can be;
Yet bravely for freedom the've shown in a' ages,
Hoo Scotsmen can conquer, or Scotsmen can dee.

I think aft o' Wallace—oor brave William Wallace,
Sae gallant, sae noble, sae blameless, sae braw;
In truest devotion tae dearly-lo'ed Scotlan',
He scorned tae surrender tae Edward ava';
But wi' a few Scotsmen, on fields red an' gory,
He aften defeated yon Southener's host.
Till Edward acknowledged, when beaten sae sairly,
That Scotlan's defiance wis nae a vain boast.

For streams never drumlie I aften am wearie,
For lochs that are bonnie, for braes that are braw;
Oh, graves o' my faithers! tho' lang ye've been
grassy,
I maunna, I canna forget thee ava'.
Oh, Scotlan' my mither! my dearly-lo'ed mither!
Wi' fondest devotion tae thee I still cling;
Sae brawlie a'rowed in my bonnie Scotch plaidie
O' thee an' thy glory, forever I'll sing.

Grandma's Little Boy

BESIDE me, often times, there played
A blue-eyed little boy;
And as I watched him, day by day,
My heart oft throbbed with joy,
For he was such a lovely child
It always seemed to me
That all that's noble, kind and good
I in that child could see.
He loved to do the manly things—
The clever little lad,
And pleasure in this heart of mine
At all times made him glad.
He was a very busy chap,
So work, as well as play,
Engaged his head and hands alike
Through all the happy day.
What cared I though I'd oft to dust,
And sweep up scattered chips!
My work was thrice ten-fold repaid
When I saw "Buddy's" ships,
And countless other things he made,
With unassuming joy,
For he was both a workman fine
And grandma's little boy.

Then, when the shades of gloaming fell
What soft, sweet tunes he'd play!
The music which his fingers wrought
Beguiled my griefs away.

GRANDMA'S LITTLE BOY

To do the many things he did
 He had a wondrous art,
So I expected that in life
 He'd act a splendid part.
But disappointments surge my soul,
 And oft my heart is sad,
For, in the passing of the days
 I've lost my little lad.
No more I hear him at his work,
 Or see him at his play,
For, to the land beyond the bar,
 My darling's passed away.
He will not now be building ships,
 As here he used to be,
For up in glory, we're assured,
 There'll not be any sea:
Yet, there will be unending bliss
 And music, we are told;
Then "Buddy" there will sweetly play
 On instruments of gold.
So in my heart a joy consoles,
 Though tears my eyes oft dim,
For though he'll ne'er return to me,
 Some day I'll go to him.

Sweet Isabel

I'VE a bonnie, braw, wee lassie
Wi' a pair o' roguish een;
She surpasses ilka ither
Lovely lassie that I've seen.
She's as sweet as honeysuckles
Which attract th' busy bee;
She's th' peach o' a' th' orchard;
She's th' apple o' my e'e.
Ither lads wad lo'e tae win her—
Ilka laddie for himsel'—
But they winna, maunna, canna
Woo an' win sweet Isabel!

Zephyrs lo'e tae gi'e caresses
Tae her broo, an' auburn hair;
Ilka breath she breathes is sweeter
Than oor clover-scented air;
Sweeter than th' fragrant breezes
When oor lilacs are in bloom,
Or when orchards, a' in blossom,
Lade th' atmosphere o' June.
I ha'e woo'd an' I ha'e won her—
Noo my joy I canna tell;
Let oor laddies ha'e their lassies,
Let me ha'e sweet Isabel!

Wi' her voice I'm a' enamoured,
An' wi' ilka bonnie smile;
Ne'er has there been brawer lassie
Woo'd at hame in dear Argyle.

SWEET ISABEL

She's my rose an' Scottish heather;
She's my lily o' th' dell;
Gin, on earth we ha'e perfection,
She's perfection in hersel'.
I ha'e woo'd an' I ha'e won her,
Sae ere lang wi' me she'll dwell;
Ither lads may ha'e their lassies
But I'll ha'e sweet Isabel!

Saucers an' Cups

THERE'RE guid things aft happen—noo what dae ye think!

At Saturday's bonspiel, at oor Thistle Rink,
A skip ca'd MacCullough, an' "Rinnin' Shot Cy,"
Waur yokit for curlin', wi' German, an' I;
When bravely we'd battled—an' that no' in fain—
We buckled doon tae it an' battled again;
Oor Doons played oor Doonies; oor Ups played oor
Ups,
But, we waur awarded baith Saucers an' Cups.

Sae then at oor Thistles, an' at oor bonspiel,
Oor lads, wha are curlers, an' lo'e th' sport weel,
Ca'd, "Here's tae MacCullough, a skipper o' fame,
What marshalled his forces an' won ilka game;
Wi' courage, undaunted, he dreamed nae tae yield,
Till noo, as a victor, he quitteth th' field:
He routed oor Doonies; he vanquished oor Ups,
Sae here's oor Best Wishes, wi' Saucers an' Cups."

I understan' clearly—what's strange tae a lot—
MacCullough's frae Erin, yet, he is a Scot;
Sae "A'richt!" an' "Bonnie!" an' "Hoot Man!"
an' "Braw!"

We aft hear MacCulloch tae lustily ca'.
Th' fame o' this skipper nae siller has bought,
Sae then a' his glory shall ne'er come tae naught:
Lang, lang he shall vanquish oor Doons an' oor Ups,
An' ha'e, for war trophies, baith Saucers an' Cups.

A Curler's Prayer

GUID Weather Clerk! incline thine ear
Tae this request I ha'e;
I ne'er ha'e troubled thee a lot,
Sae dinna say me "Nay!"
It's frosty weather noo we've here—
It's bonnie weather braw!
We plan tae ha'e a Big Bonspeil—
Oh! dinna let it thaw.

We're gratefu' for this ice we ha'e,
Sae here's oor thanks tae thee;
Co-operation wi' us noo
Wilt thou be pleased tae gi'e?
Hear this petition brief o' mine—
It's frae a Scotsman braw;
Gi'e frosty weather for twa weeks—
Oh! dinna let it thaw.

'Twad be ower bad tae disappoint
Guid folk wha lo'e this game—
Braw lads wha plan tae journey here,
An' a' oor lads at hame.
A warmer temperature, ye ken,
Wad nae dae weel ava';
Sae it's sincerely noo I plead—
Oh! dinna let it thaw.

Oor date is February, Clerk—
'Twill be on seventh day,
An', gin ye no' will turn us doon,
A bonnie time we'll ha'e.

A CURLER'S PRAYER

Guid Weather Clerk! this is R. D.

Sae hear me when I ca'—

Be guid tae a' oor lads wha curl—

Oh! dinna let it thaw.

In Memoriam

THO' ferns bedeck oor woodland paths
An' fragrant flowerets on us smile;
Tho' birdies sing their sweetest tunes,
These canna a' oor griefs beguile;
Tho' Springtime clads ilk hill an' dale
Wi' grassy carpets for oor feet,
It ne'er can weld oor broken chain,
Nor ca' us back dear Marguerite.

When by oor paths we've beauty rare,
Tae gi'e us comfort, joy, an' cheer,
Untimely frosts are apt tae fa'—
Then fairest flowerets disappear:
We've been bereft o' a sweet flow'r
Wi' bonnie smiles for angels meet;
Frae early morn till dewy e'en
We sadly mourn dear Marguerite.

Why maun oor herts be stricken sair?
Why are untimely frosts ava'?'
Why has oor lo'ed been early ca'd
Tae vanish frae oor een awa'?'
Wi' sorrow's robes we ha'e been clad;
Wi' sudden grief we sairly greet;
Is there for us nae talisman?
We're wearie for dear Marguerite.

In a' God's universe sae great
Is there nae victor o'er th' tomb?
Aye! He wha rose frae Joseph's vault
Tae dissipate earth's deepest gloom:

IN MEMORIAM

Yet, sadly we're inclined tae think
Nae earthly joy can be complete,
For, till we're ca'd tae bliss aboon,
We'll wearie for dear Marguerite.

She's Hame in Scotia

A YONT oor Atlantic—yon measureless waters—
Yon turbulent ocean—yon foam-crested sea;
By streams never drumlie, which flow near tae
heather

At hame wi' my lassie I'm wearie tae be.
Awa' ower this ocean—this aft troubled ocean—
Wi' waters sae boundless, sae briny, sae blue,
Aboard fleetest steamer I'd sail frae oor seaport
Tae be wi' this lassie wha fondly I lo'e.

My lassie is winsome, she's modest, she's clever;
Her voice is as music, her een are o' blue;
Her lips are as rosebuds, that ne'er ha'e been sullied;
It's nae a bit wonder my dearie I lo'e!
She's fair as a floweret that's kissed by a dewdrap;
She's pure as a lily that smiles in a dell;
Her beauty surpasses oor blue bells o' Scotlan'—
Tae me she's perfection—perfection itsel'.

Oh, mirror my lassie, ye waters o' Scotlan'!
When she in her beauty roams near tae thy side,
For ne'er has a fairer, wee, sonsie, sweet lassie
Tread banks o' Loch Lomond, sweet Afton, nor
Clyde.
Ye hills clad wi' heather! don thy richest beauty
When on thee she casts wi' affection her e'e;
Oh, welcome her footsteps on thy paths enchanted,
For she is as bonnie as bonnie can be!

To an Esteemed Friend

WHEN daily rose the morning sun
To kiss the dewdrops on the lea;
When evening's lengthened shadows fell,
Mine honoured friend, we've thought of thee.
We've visioned thee 'neath southern skies,
O'erarching fields of yellow corn;
We've pictured those enchanting scenes
Midst which our queenly friend was born.

How clear to us may distant scenes,
In happy dreams of thought appear!
Our loved ones in a land afar
Bring all its beauties strangely near,
Its fertile valleys and its plains,
Its streams which ne'er can sluggish be,
Its mountain ranges, towering high
With everlasting hills we see.

Its hallowed and enthralling paths,
Its fountain waters sparkling clear,
In moments of enraptured thought
To us in visions oft appear.
Yet, friends we love are far away,
Beyond the glean of mortal eyes,
Be they o'er Jordan's stormy wave,
Or 'neath the dome of southern skies.

Our friends to us are very dear,
So keenly oft we're missing thee,
Whilst thou, as in the days of yore,
Art down in sunny Tennessee.

TO AN ESTEEMED FRIEND

Then whilst ye roam midst childhood scenes
Our kindest wish ye ne'er shall lack!
Yet, from those distant hills and vales
To us wilt thou not hasten back?

As Dawns the Day

'TIS oft at eve that sweethearts meet
Their fondest dreams of life to tell;
But ne'er can gloaming's fabled hour
The lure of dawning morn excel,
As o'er the hilltops of the east
There gently steals the morning grey,
From swaying boughs, each little bird
Sings to his love his sweetest lay.

This is a gala courting time,
For through the mists of morn I see
A thousand sunbeams deftly kiss
The blushing dewdrops of the lea:
Then Phœbus, rising grandly up,
Folds in his arms the Queen of Night,
To clothe her, with a lover's pride,
In flowing robes of golden light.

As twinkling stars recede from view,
Whilst brighter grow o'er-arching skies,
Refreshed by Nature's calm repose
Awaking flow'rs ope wide their eyes:
If there's within this heart of mine
A lurking sorrow to beguile
'Tis banished when at dawn of day
The morning glories on me smile.

Then let me early fall asleep
That I may rise whilst yet 'tis night,
Then hie me to a trysting place
To meet the dawning of the light.

AS DAWNS THE DAY

Oh, must I sit me down alone
As morning mists around me roll,
And hallowed grandeurs deign to leave
Their impress on my passive soul!

That I may learn their songs of love,
As through the wooded glens they ring,
I'll ask of Him to tune my harp
Who taught these wooing birds to sing:
And then I'll seek a magic art,
As through the morning mists I'll see
A thousand sunbeams deftly kiss
The blushing dewdrops of the lea.

There's Music a' About

I'M GLAD that Nature has seemed pleased
Tae gi'e tae me that sort o' ear,
That in a fountain's wee bit flow
A bonnie tune I aften hear:
I've had sweet ballads frae oor brooks;
Oor burnies sing their sangs tae me;
At eventide I hear wee tunes,
Tho' nae a zephyr can I see.

I lo'e tae listen, aftenwhyle,
Tae draps which lave my window pane;
I find there're melodies which soothe
In patters o' a gentle rain.
'Mang plaintive pines, a restless wind
Aft whistles music sweet tae me;
Oor flowerets an' oor rushes sing;
Oor birdies warble pleasantly.

Wi' ear attuned, we maun conclude
There's music in a' things here doon,
Tae bless th' bairns o' Adam's race;
There's music in yon lift aboon:
Sae whyles I yearn, wi' hert alert,
For music bonnie tae my ear,
Frae lifts aboon an' earth beneath
I'm glad sweet melodies I hear.

Tae a Ghost

I SIT me doon in quietude,
Awa' frae a' my fellowmen;
But a molester, unabashed,
Intrudes intae my cosy den.
It's nae a message which I lo'e
That's prompted this intruder's ca';
He comes tae whisper, "At yer desk,
Ye've nae succeeded weel ava'."

Seys he, aft times, "Sit doon wi' me;
Weigh ilka product o' thy pen;
Thy verse is nae o' use ava'
Tae guide, nor help thy fellowmen."
Sae then it's tae masel' I think,
That frae my desk I'll turn awa';
What use tae write, gin it be true,
I've nae succeeded weel ava'?

But I'm a Scot—Scots canna yield,
Be it wi' claymore, or wi' pen;
Awa', intruder! I've resolved
I'll dee, or help my fellowmen.
Noo, gin I'm true tae this resolve,
When I ha'e passed tae bliss awa',
I'm no' afraid that there I'll hear,
"Ye've nae succeeded weel ava'."

At Midnight's 'Oor

ON ISRAEL'S journey aft I think,
Then wonder if we ha'e
A fiery pillar guide by nicht,
A mercy cloud by day?
Beneath th' shadows o' dear shades
O' yins we fondly lo'e,
Are we protected aftentimes
Frae subtle dangers noo?

Sometimes a presence that's unseen
I seem tae sort o' ken;
A will that's nae quite a' my ain
Seems aft tae guide myⁿpen.
Dae spirits o' depairted bards
My humble muse inspire?
Dae angels hover near me by
Tae help me tune my lyre?

Does wireless connect me, noo,
Wi' intellect divine,
Tae bring communications tae
This humble brain o' mine?
Frae deep recesses ilka bard,
Wha wields a ready pen,
Is swayed by strange emotions aft
As folk may little ken.

'Tis then I'm grippit wi' desire
Tae pen a verse or twa,
That shall abide, in noble herts,
When "Mack" has passed awa';

AT MIDNIGHT'S 'OOR

It's then I'd lo'e tae gently write
On tablets no' o' stane,
That which shall bless—my fellows, bless,
When lang frae earth I'm gane.

'Tis then I want, deep in my breast,
A true refiner's fire,
Which steals awa' a' trace o' dross,
Tae leave pure gold entire.
These meditations on me press
Whyles stillness reigns aroun';
When midnight has gien place tae morn
I'll rise tae write them doon.

Tae Brither Scots

A FAR we're noo frae heathered braes,
Frae beauties o' baith loch an' glen;
Yet, Scotia an' her saint we lo'e
Wi' leal herts o' Scottish men:
Sae Andrew's nicht let's weel observe,
Wi' fondness till we're ca'd tae dee;
For Scots can brawlie celebrate
Wi'oot a cheerie drappie wee.
Whan wi' oor brither Scots we're met
We'll gladly hear oor pibroch's ca'
Tae think on scenes we lo'ed as bairns,
In days that noo are lang awa'.
O' blue bells we shall blithely sing,
For they're still bonnie tae oor e'e;
We'll sing o' pebbled burnies braw,
Or streams which ne'er can drumlie be.
Deep ben oor herts we'll mem'ries haud
O' noble deeds o' Scots o' fame,
Till on yon heathered hills aboon,
Wi' a' guid folk we're gathered hame.

Th' Lowly Nazarene

A SINLESS bairn came tae oor earth
A prince, yet ane o' humble birth;
He didna seek th' shallow mirth

That a' aroun' we see.
He grew tae manhood's fu' estate;
He noo is honoured by oor great,
Tho' He had felt oor warl's fierce hate
Ere he wis thirty-three.

As teacher, He's been ne'er surpassed;
His rivals ha'e been a' ootclassed;
He lo'ed His pupils tae th' last—

This man o' Galilee.
He taught th' needy in th' street,
Wha listened tae His counsel sweet;
He washed His lo'ed disciples' feet,
In a' humility.

He wis forsaken by His frien's,
When lowly on oor earth He bends,
An' midnicht 'oor in pray'r He spends
In dark Gethsemane.

He has been ca'd "Th' Man o' Grief!"
Yet, He came tae oor warl's relief
An' He forgave yon noted thief
Wha cried, "Remember me!"

He healed th' sick, th' blin', th' lame,
Tho' He had neither hoose nor hame;
He bore oor griefs an' a' oor shame,
On Calvary's cruel tree.

TH' LOWLY NAZARENE

He rose a victor o'er th' grave;
He tae oor warl' this message gave,
"My mission is tae seek an' save
For a' eternity."

His gracious words we a' shud heed,
In ilka thocht, an' word an' deed:
He'll raise His lo'ed yins frae th' deid
Tae immortality.

When free frae care, an' sin's alloy,
His praises shall a' saints employ,
In sangs o' unpreceeded joy,
An' matchless melody.

Winter in Gran'faither's Day

WHEN I wis young, lang years awa',
Oor winters gied us plenty snaw;
They waur quite like oor present yin,
Sae lads an' lassies had great fun.
On banks o' snaw we used tae play
Oor cheerie sports frae day tae day;
But nane can tell, wi' pen nor tongue,
What joys we had when I wis young.

Bleak winds had we, wi' frosts fu' keen;
Smooth sheets o' ice waur aften seen:
Altho' we had nae covered rink
We'd jolly times ye'd better think,
Oot on yon ponds, in open air,
Wi' ilka hert sae free frae care;
We a' waur strang in limb an' lung,
In days lang gane, when I wis young.

A' hadna skates, yet, a' cud slide
In boots an' shoon o' guid coohide,
Or ride on sleds, for strength first-grade,
Like ilka thing oor faithers made.
We hadna hockey then I guess,
Nor carnivals wi' fancy dress,
But shinney we did truly ha'e,
Which ilka boy kent hoo tae play.

A verra simple bill o' fare
Prevailed on tables ilkawhaur;
Guid tatties, wi' saut water fish,
(Instead o' some new-fangled dish),

WINTER IN GRAN'FAITHER'S DAY

Wi' milk an' mush, in ilka hame,
Produced guid muscle, brain an' bane:
We'd nae these fancy breakfast foods,
Which seem tae gi'e us noo oor dudes.

Oor lads waur eager, keen, alert;
Wi' axes we waur a' expert;
We helped oor faithers clear new soil
Wi' mony days o' wearie moil:
We lo'ed tae wark as weel as play—
It's nae that noo wi' lads we ha'e.
We never travelled far nor wide,
Nor bothered sair wi' dafty pride.

Oor lassies waur o' healthy kind—
Brave, bonnie lassies as ye'd find;
Their dresses waur nae flimsy gauze,
But mither's hamespun woollen claes.
Nae steep-heeled shoon they chose tae wear,
Wi' a' that misery tae bear
Which lassies noo ha'e frae their feet
When squeezed in shoon for them ower neat.

I'll no' forget oor pleasure sleigh—
Its equal noo we canna ha'e;
Its box wis lang, an' deep, an' wide;
Huge flow'rs waur painted on ilk side;
Nae bonnie flow'rs frae garden patch
Tae oor young een these flow'rs cud match:
We'd blankets 'neath us on ilk seat;
We'd clean pea-straw beneath oor feet.

WINTER IN GRAN'FAITHER'S DAY

Oor sleigh-bells then waur brass an' large;
Tae gi'e sweet music wis their charge;
Ye'd hear them miles an' miles awa';
We've nae their equal noo ava'.
Oor horses seemed tae tak' great pride
O'er riven snaw tae swiftly glide,
Whyles music frae a dozen throats
Joined wi' oor sleigh-bells' merry notes.

We had guid singers in yon days—
Oor music maisters still we praise
Wha taught nicht classes, nearly free,
For folk had few bawbees tae gi'e.
We had nae instruments tae play—
We've instruments galore to-day;
A wee steel fork gied us th' key,
Then pupils sang, "do, ra, sol, me."

There wis nae affectation taught;
Oor maisters had nae silly thocht
That tremblin' as we ha'e to-day
Wis singin' in a proper way;
Ilk word maun be distinct an' clear,
Sae ilka yin wad plainly hear;
This wis a universal rule
When we attended singin' schule.

'Twis in yon schules, in days o' youth,
That frien'ships aft began in truth—
Blest ties which bind us sweetly still
As we gae doon life's western hill.

WINTER IN GRAN'FAITHER'S DAY

'Twis in yon schules that Cupid's darts
Aft gently pierced twa pure, young herts;
'Twis there that coortships aft began
Which afterwards sae smoothly ran.

But time has winged her speedy flight
Thro' mony a day an' mony a nicht;
Oor chums o' youth, by Time's strang tide,
Are scattered noo baith far an' wide:
Nae few ha'e "crossed yon silent bar"
Tae send nae message frae afar
Tae cheer oor herts, nor gar us glad
When we are ill, or lone, or sad.

We feel, at times, that beckonin' han's
Invite us up tae better lan's
Whaur bells, wi' a celestial chime,
Tae gowden harps keep matchless time;
Whaur raptured sangs, frae myriad throats,
Are sung in braw seraphic notes,
An' they wha here ha'e said "Adieu!"
Their frien'ship an' their love renew.

Tae Rabbie on His Natal Day

DEAR Scotia's lo'ed, immortal, bard!
'Tis gladly that we'll pay
Oor tribute tae thy honored name,
On this thy natal day.
We'll sing thy sangs, wi' unfeigned joy,
In hame, an' public ha';
Thy sangs ha'e magic a' their ain
Tae wile oor griefs awa'.

By sympathy thy soul wis swayed
For ilka yin opprest;
Had earth far mair o' kindred herts,
Far mair we had been blest.
Wi' a' sincerity thro' life
Tae Scotia ye've been true;
Ye lo'ed her noble, gallant men—
Ye lo'ed her lassies too.

Nae bard can be anither bard—
Ilk bard maun be himsel';
Yet, what a' bards owe tae thee, Rab,
There's nae a yin can tell.
Thy spirit hovers wi' us still,
Oor muse tae aft inspire;
Frae dewy morn o' early days
Ye've helped me tune my lyre.

'Mang Scotia's mony gifted bards
Nane ha'e surpassed thee yet;
Whyles heather blooms, or hills survive
Thy fame we'll no' forget.

TAE RABBIE ON HIS NATAL DAY

As lang as daisies peep their heids,
Or clover's flecked wi' dew,
Or Scotia's sturdy sons abide
Oor Rabbie Burns we'll lo'e.

Visions o' Scotia

I'M FAR noo frae Scotia, which fondly I lo'e,
Yet, aft I see heather bejewelled wi' dew;
I see it in visions, by nicht an' by day;
They're visions o' beauty—these visions I ha'e:
Aft clear crystal fountains I'm favored tae see;
They sparkle sae bonnie they gladden my e'e:
When aft I am wearie tae be awa' there
A vision o' Scotia beguiles a' my care.
When I ha'e these visions I say tae masel',
“My love for dear Scotia nae language can tell!”

I aften ha'e wondered if a' oor Scots ha'e
Clear, ilka-day visions o' moor an' o' brae,
O' loch, an' o' burnie, o' hillside an' glen,
O' heaths bravely trodden by braw Scottish men?
Dae a' see oor heather bejewelled wi' dew,
Tho' frae oor dear Scotia they're far awa' noo?
Dae visions unrivalled enrapture their e'e—
These visions sae bonnie I'm favored tae see?
When I ha'e these visions I say tae masel',
“My love for dear Scotia nae language can tell!”

When I ha'e these visions o' grandeur here doon,
I feel there'll be heather in glory aboon:
We'll see crystal fountains spring frae a hillside;
We'll ha'e there a river as bonnie as Clyde.
Mair firm than Ben Lomond in glory there'll be
Braw hills that shall gladden oor Scotties tae see;

VISIONS O' SCOTIA

Then there'll be a burnie, a loch, an' a glen—
A place truly fitted for guid Scottish men:
When I've this assurance I say tae masel',
"What beauty awaits us nae language can tell!"

Difficulties and Dangers

OUR FARMERS are a-working like Trojans
every day;

Their labor is unending, yet they get little pay:
There seems to be an insect for everything they
grow;

They have a lot of troubles which others do not
know.

A beastie stings their cherries; their plums are not
immune;

A heavy frost comes often to nip their crops in
June:

They have to spray their tatties, and every bush
and vine;

They have to cut their thistles, or pay a heavy fine.

They have to dig their ditches; they have to shear
their sheep;

By prowlers they're molested, when they retire to
sleep:

Rich tourists kill their chickens upon the king's
highway,

Nor halt their costly busses to toss a coin and say,
"I'm sorry!"

We've all a time a-trying to live from day to day,
For scores of dread diseases on Adam's offspring
prey:

We've mastoids and we've measles; we've fever
and we've flu,

A-pressing us to hasten to say to earth "Adieu!"

A host of sad complainers are daily heard to say,

DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS

"A thousand pains assail us to bear us hence away."
To cure our ills, so many, strange tactics are in use,
For we've a lot of doctors on humankind let loose,
We've noted "Per" physicians, all thirsty throats
to treat;
We've doctors for our tonsils, our adenoids, our
feet:
Oh! what a host of dangers surround us every day,
Yet, people are so busy they seldom stop to say,
"I'm sorry!"

We have a time a-trying to live from day to day,
For reckless auto drivers on fellow mortals prey:
On our Provincial highways their cars on gas they
feed,
Till eastward and till westward at sixty miles they
speed.
Through every quiet village they rush their oily
van,
Regardless of the safety of woman, child, or man.
Sometimes on back concessions they dodge for a
detour,
Then farmers in their wagons are not at all secure.
Nor chubby country children when on their way to
school,
For often both are victims of some race-crazy fool:
So on our streets are dying all ages every day,
Yet those "Smart Alec" drivers are failing oft to
say,
"Im sorry!"

DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS

We have a time a-trying to live from day to day,
For microbes, by the million, are eager for their
prey;

Our fathers barely knew them, in happy days of
yore,

But now they're all about, of every type galore.

Then men to death are smitten in wrecks on train
and sea;

We're not immune from danger wherever we may
be.

The air now claims its quota—from planes on high
they fall

Until it is a wonder that folk survive at all.

Then, just as a reminder our world has all gone
“punk.”

On us some wicked airman drops down a lot of
junk.

In pride he soars above us, nor pauses on his way
To doff his cap politely, and as politely say,
“I'm sorry!”

We have a time a-trying to live from day to day,
For folk are oft sunstricken when coiling up their
hay;

Then men die oft from moonshine, which foolish
people buy,

Till, as on fields of battle, our slain about us lie.

We've cigarettes so dopey that they quite soon
enslave

DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS

Their gent and woman puffers and send them to
their grave.

Yet, 'midst these countless dangers, which threaten
every hour,

We've no need to be gloomy, nor let our hearts
turn sour.

That man who in life's trials still wears a happy
face

Is surely safest ever where'er may be his place.

Then when from those who love him at length he's
called away,

We shall so sadly miss him we cannot help but say,
"I'm sorry!"

Wi' Aonghas Mor

I'VE PAID a pleasant "cailidh" tae
Oor coort hoose in this Elgin toon,
Sae for *Times-Journal* readers noo
I'll briefly jot my "cailidh" doon.
When I arrived, a' by masel',
I entered by th' eastern door;
Then, journeyed tae th' office o'
Oor Crown Attorney, "Aonghas Mor."

I met his new stenographer—
A bonnie Scottish lassie braw,
An' pleasantly she entertained
Till "Aonghas" entered frae th' ha'.
'Twas in th' Gaelic that he spoke,
An' in oor Gaelic I replied;
We needna blush tae think we're Scots—
It fills oor herts wi' honest pride.

We cracked about Glengarry folk,
Nor need ye spier th' reason why,
For they a' lo'e oor lan' o' cakes,
Frae Aberdeen tae Isle o' Skye.
He said that Protestants doon there
An' Catholics agree fu' weel;
They lo'e their neebors an' their Lord,
An' turn their backs toward th' De'il.

They dinna quarrel aboot their kirks,
Nor raise th' hue an' cry o' creed;
Their common sense an' Christian grace
A lot o' ither people need.

WI' AONGHAS MOR

They're worthy o' yon splendid race
Frae which they sprang tae bless oor earth;
"Th' Valley o' th' Ottawa"
Gi'es ample tribute o' their worth.

Then far ayont th' sea we sailed
In swift imagination's flight,
For "Aonghas" is a Scot awa'
As he's a Scot at hame, a' richt.
We sighted Scotia first o' a'—
Th' hame o' Wallace an' o' Scott;
Amang a' lan's ayont th' sea
Tae us th' dearest o' th' lot.

We fondly gazed on Scottish shores,
Sae gently laved by ocean's wave;
We drapped oor tears o' gratitude
On ilka noble chieftain's grave.
We cracked aboot lochs, braes, an' glens,
Nor did we miss a heath ava';
We cracked aboot lo'ed heathered hills,
An' gallant Scotsmen, brave an' braw.

We roamed, at will, yon verra paths
On which oor forebears aften trod—
Oor forebears, wha lo'ed frae their herts
Ilk foot o' Hie'lan' Scottish sod.
We tarried by huge, rugged rocks
Which stood for ages, as thae noo,
Unmoved by fiercest hurricanes,
Tae peer on lifts o' bonnie blue.

WI' AONGHAS MOR

Yon never drumlie streams that wind,
An' deeper doon their channels wear,
We traced, until we stood, wi' Burns,
Tae muse on bonnie banks o' Ayr.
We saw then parritch in a pot
That hung aboon th' bleezin' peat;
We hungered for fresh herrin' fine
Which Hie'lan' Scots juist lo'e tae eat.

Dear Scotia, in MacCrimmon's hert
Is tenderly enshrined, ye ken,
An' true tae her ayont th' sea
Are a' Glengarry's stalwart men:
But here my keelie I maun cour,
Tho' mair I'd lo'e tae tell ye yet,
Sae tae Attorney "Aonghas Mor"
I'll bid oor Scottish "Beannachd Leat."

Welcome, Sir Harry!

SIR HARRY o' Scotia! we ken weel thy name;
Oor faithers an' mithers aft speak it at hame;
Frae ocean tae ocean ye're gladly acclaimed,
Dear Scotia's Caruso—her singer far-famed.
Oor younglin's sing saftly yer sangs aftenwhyle,
Oor cares an' oor sorrows tae quickly beguile;
They learn yer Scotch music frae yon wee machine
Which sings it at noontide, at morn, an' at e'en;
Sae is it a wonder that gladly we gi'e
A welcome unmeasured, Sir Harry, tae thee?

Dear Scotia has gien us, for kirk an' for state,
Folk clever, an' gallant, an' noble, an' great:
Scotch sodgers are dauntless in battle's fierce din;
They scorn tae surrender, or falter, or rin;
We've but tae remind thee, ye ken it yersel',
Late Germans aft ca'd them, "Fierce girlies frae
hell!"

But thou art come tae us, in bannet o' blue
Tae sing tae us sweetly thy sangs which we lo'e:
Sae is it a wonder that gladly we gi'e
A welcome unmeasured, Sir Harry, tae thee?

Braw Scot! in thy tartan an' bannet o' blue,
Yon hame o' thy faithers we fervently lo'e,
For Scotia has furnished, frae hillside an' glen,
In peace, or in conflict, unbeatable men.
We ken thine ain record, thou brave, loyal Scot!
Wi' ardent devotion for Freedom ye wrought;

WELCOME SIR HARRY

Ye stood by oor sodgers, on fields far awa';
Ye gied thy dear laddie—thy yin an' thine a';
Sae is it a wonder that gladly we gi'e
A welcome unmeasured, Sir Harry, tae thee?

When Master Cannot See

IF WE'VE a job, we ought to feel
That faithful we should be;
Both when the master's looking on,
And when he cannot see.
It is his right to feel assured
That each and every day
To him we'll honest service give,
As he gives honest pay.

We shall not gladly greet each day,
When peeps the morning sun,
If, at the close of every day,
We're glad that day is done.
A day for work, which is God's gift,
Will long and weary be,
If, often at the clock we look,
When master cannot see.

They who find pleasure in their work,
Till, though they toil, they smile,
Are they whose hearts are firmly set
To do a work worth while.
They do not yield to dark despair,
Nor fail to honest be,
Though all the value of their work
Their master cannot see.

The toiler, who with all his skill,
Works faithfully each day
Is worthy of a living wage,
Which honest masters pay.

WHEN MASTER CANNOT SEE

Yet, he's a slave, though black or white,
Who works just for the fee:
He is a king who loves to work
When master cannot see.

What we Ha'e we'll Haud

I'VE had a bonnie nicht's repose,
Yet, in my bed I lie,
For Phœbus nae has yet appeared
Far in yon eastern sky.
Says I, "I've time tae verse a bit,
For daylight's nae scarce born;
Nor need I tae my office hie,
For this is Sabbath morn."

My theme maun weel selected be—
Nae'll dae but verra best;
What mair consistent thing tae dae
Than choose "Oor Day o' Rest?"
Then let me ha'e poetic gifts
Which nae guid folk can scorn,
That on my theme I weel may verse
Sae early Sabbath morn.

I'd thank oor guid Creator first,
In this my Doric lay,
That in His wisdom He ordained
"A Holy Sabbath Day."
Oh! let us question ne'er ava'
Yon wisdom which saw fit
Tae set apairt "A Day o' Rest,"
Then blest an' hallowed it.

God kent we'd need nicht's quiet 'oors
For Nature's bonnie sleep,
Sae He commanded angels braw
Their care o'er us tae keep:

WHAT WE HA'E WE'LL HAUD

But we need time tae muse, tae sing,
Tae worship, an' tae pray,
Sae He provided for oor needs
"A Holy Sabbath Day."

There're folk wha'd rob us o' this gift,
For pleasure or for gear;
But yins wha'd steal oor Sabbath Day
Ha'e nae a godly fear.
Faither aboon! Ye ken what's best
For a' Thy bairns tae ha'e,
Sae, as Thy gift, wi' joy we'll haud
"Thy Holy Sabbath Day."

A Scotsman's Prayer

FAITHER! anither day has dawned;
We've wakened frae oor slumber sweet;
Ere noo we face oor daily tasks

We'd fain approach Thy mercy-seat.
Tae Thine appointed throne o' grace
Enable us tae venture near!

Whyles mists o' morn still hover by
Wilt Thou incline Thy gracious ear?

Frae deep recesses o' oor herts
Accept oor thanks for shepherd care!

Deep gratitude an' ca's for aid
Maun ever be oor daily pray'r.

Oor ilka sin we sairly greet!
A' oor transgressions we confess!

Tune ilka hert tae lilt Thy praise
That we Thy name may truly bless.

Oh, wash us frae a' stains o' sin!

Be pleased tae cleanse oor guilt awa'!
Gi'e Thine ain Spirit tae us till
We've nae a selfish wish ava'.

Thy mercy an' Thy righteousness
Frae morn tae e'en we'd lo'e tae laud;
Then hert communion wi' Thyself
May we be favored aft tae haud.

Oor Saviour left His hame, an' Thine,
Oor souls frae bondage tae reclaim;
May a responsive, tender love
In re-born herts supremely reign.

A SCOTSMAN'S PRAYER

We seek for guidance frae Thysel'
That we may magnify Thy grace;
Fit us, that when frae earth we're ca'd
Wi' joy we'll see Thee face tae face.

Oor Canadian Winter

NAE MAIR there twitters on a twig,
A robin bonnie-breasted;
Oor earth has lost her garb o' green,
For noo wi' snaw she's crested.
Nae mair we ha'e an Autumn hue;
Nae mair are roses flecked wi' dew,
For we ha'e frosty weather noo—
A true Canadian Winter.

Some dinna lo'e these months ava'—
They think that they are dreary;
But Winter has a charm for me—
Her days tae me are cheerie.
Great sheets o' glassy ice we ha'e,
On which wi' brooms an' stanes we play;
We've fellowship o' curlers gay,
In oor Canadian Winter.

Some think when we ha'e Winter-time
We need oor cheerie nappy,
Tae freely pour intae oor veins
Tae gar us truly happy.
But, let me ha'e instead for mine
Oor siller sleigh-bells' merry chime;
They satisfy me ilka time,
In oor Canadian Winter.

I've nae complaint tae raise ava',
Tho' we ha'e zero weather;
I still enjoy my bonnie kilt,
My bannet, plaid, an' feather.

OOR CANADIAN WINTER

Wi' a wee lassie by yer side
It's nice in cutter, nae ower wide,
O'er riven snaw tae smoothly glide—
Oh! gi'e me lang oor Winter.

List of Subscribers

ANNABEL, B.C.

Mrs. C. Mitchell.

AYLMER, ONT.

E. O. Awde, B.A.

W. Harold Barnum, B.A.

A. N. Black.

J. J. Campbell.

J. P. Coyle.

Dr. W. F. Fear.

J. A. Gillett.

W. E. Hanley.

A. Ray Lemon.

Yorke MacConnell.

John A. MacEwen.

D. W. MacGregor.

Dr. Homer MacLay.

D. H. Price.

C. W. Sinclair, M.B.

H. H. Wright.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

H. Sheldon.

BYRON, ONT.

Alex. Crane.

DORCHESTER, ONT.

W. H. Paterson.

DETROIT, MICH.

Mrs. J. E. Plastow.

DUNDAS, ONT.

Bessie Jamieson Shaver.

DUTTON, ONT.

Wm. Affleck.

J. M. Blue.

J. D. Blue.

George Braddon.

James Bruce.

D. Campbell.

J. C. Campbell.

Dr. D. H. Dow.

Peter Duncanson.

Gladys Elliott.

Peter C. Gillies.

Thomas Hockin.

W. Hollingshead.

D. F. Kirkland.

Archd. D. Leitch.

Margaret Leitch.

J. H. Miller.

H. A. Milton.

W. J. Mitton.

Mrs. Mary MacAlister.

Archd. MacCallum.

N. A. MacFarlane.

John A. MacKay.

J. A. MacNeill.

J. D. MacNeill.

Peter MacNeill.

D. A. MacNabb.

Dr. J. R. Paton.

Wm. Patton.

A. E. Roberts.

Wm. Saunders.

B. J. Shultz.

M. S. Smith.

Neil Stalker.

T. W. Shipley.

FT. WILLIAM, ONT.

W. S. Piper.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Mrs. Terry Barker.

HYDE PARK, ONT.

Rev. J. MacKillop.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

HAMILTON, ONT.

H. H. Gray.

ILDERTON, ONT.

Edgar M. Zavitz.

IONA STATION, ONT.

F. Comfort.

Ardah MacCallum.

L. K. MacCallum.

W. A. Galbraith.

R. N. MacLellan.

KINCARDINE, ONT.

Rev. T. D. MacCullough.

LAMBETH, ONT.

Neil MacAlpine.

Rev. W. Conway.

Col. W. H. Moore.

Mrs. Geo. Albert Routledge.

LONDON, ONT.

Wm. Anderson.

W. T. Bartlett.

B. L. Baulch.

Lillian Beacom.

W. E. Beattie.

F. Bernhart.

Wm. Buchanan.

J. A. Buchanan.

Mrs. A. Byers.

Margaret Campbell.

D. A. Cameron, M.D.

F. H. Carroll.

Mrs. W. K. Coldicott.

Mrs. J. M. Chalmers.

H. J. Childs.

H. H. Childs.

Mrs. W. F. Clarke.

Mrs. Geo. Colbert.

Thos. Cornelius.

Marjory Cox.

B. Cunningham.

Hazel M. Cryderman.

Hazel Davey.

Isabel Davidson.

Robt. Darragh.

M. C. Dewar, M.D.

Robert Dick.

Ald. Paul Doig.

Dorothy Dowsett.

J. P. Dunn.

Mrs. A. T. Edwards.

Cyrus Edy.

J. C. Elliott, K.C., M.P.

Vicars Fisher.

Albert J. Fox.

Greeta Fleming.

Mrs. Albert George.

James Gray.

A. W. Grant.

Sheriff D. A. Graham.

Dr. Bowley Green.

Arthur W. Greenslade.

Laura Griffin, R.N.

Jas. Haldane.

Jas. Hamilton.

F. J. Harris.

Jessie A. Harris.

Robt. P. Haskett.

M. G. Hay.

John Heaman.

Robt. Heron.

R. D. Hillier.

E. S. F. Houghton.

Lily R. Hoffman.

Rev. John Hosie.

Mathew Horner.

J. P. Hunt.

W. H. Huyck.

Maj. Gordon Ingram.

Caleb Jones.

W. W. Kaiser.

J. F. Kelly,

A. R. Kennedy.

A. R. Kesson.

Ald. F. B. Kilborne.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

E. C. Killingsworth.
 Wm. Knight.
 J. S. Lindsay.
 John Lindsay.
 Reita Logan.
 W. E. Maxwell.
 Robt. Mercer.
 A. C. Mills.
 Mrs. Alex. Milne.
 Dr. Floyd Moffatt.
 Rowland Munro.
 Alma Munroe.
 Margaret C. Munroe.
 Rev. R. J. Murphy.
 Col. T. J. Murphy.
 Allayne MacAlpine.
 Donald MacAlpine.
 H. MacCallum.
 B. C. McCann.
 Hugh MacColl.
 Ald. Jas. MacCormick.
 Hugh McCabe.
 W. R. S. MacCracken.
 Vola MacDonald.
 W. MacFadden.
 Mary MacFarlane.
 Mrs. C. W. McGuire.
 Miss M. Macintyre.
 J. E. Macintyre.
 Dr. W. R. MacIntosh.
 Ald. Frank Mackay.
 Rev. Jas. Mackay, B.D.
 Marion Mackenzie.
 Hugh Mackenzie.
 Jas. MacLachlan.
 Kenneth Maclean, M.D.
 Dr. A. A. Maclean.
 D. J. MacLellan.
 E. C. McMurtry.
 John Macpherson.
 J. W. MacRae.
 A. W. MacVicar.
 P. A. MacVicar.
 N. Newell.
 Gretta Nichol.

Mrs. Christena Nichol.
 Jas. O'Donald.
 F. G. Parsons.
 Mrs. Ed. Pellow.
 Capt. T. E. Robson.
 Alex. Pollard.
 John Pritty.
 George A. Ramsey, M.D.
 John Rattary.
 Mrs. Jessie Reeves.
 Jas. E. Reid.
 John D. Revans.
 Dr. J. W. Reynolds.
 Blossom Ross.
 Myrtle Rousom.
 Chas. A. Salmon.
 Wm. Sangster.
 W. O. Sankey.
 W. S. J. Saunders.
 B. C. Scott.
 John E. Sinclair.
 George Slater.
 C. S. Smallman.
 H. M. Smiley.
 R. M. Smith.
 W. H. Smythe.
 H. Speare.
 W. E. Spencer.
 Edith M. Stewart.
 Archd. Stuart.
 John Stuart.
 Chas. Talbot.
 Alma M. Taylor.
 Mrs. Janet L. Templeton.
 L. E. F. Thomas.
 J. M. Thomson.
 Miss M. Topley-Thomas.
 Betty Watters.
 Mercia Wells.
 Bessie Welsh.
 J. W. Westerfelt, Jr.
 D. C. Wilson.
 W. J. Wray.
 J. Young.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>MEMPHIS, TENN.
J. Henry Wells.</p> <p>MUIRKIRK, ONT.
Thomas White.</p> <p>NEW YORK, N.Y.
Dr. H. B. Anderson.</p> <p>ORTON, ONT.
Rev. Walter Nichol, B.A.</p> <p>OIL CITY, PA., U.S.A.
Mrs. Duncan Macintyre.</p> <p>OIL CITY, ONT.
Stanley Cushman.</p> <p>PETROLIA, ONT.
Eva Chalmers.
G. Rawlings.</p> <p>PT. STANLEY, ONT.
Miss Grace Cattanaach.</p> <p>RODNEY, ONT.
James Burnett.
Margaret J. Bisnett.
Michael Baker.
J. G. Gillies.
B. B. Graham.
F. F. Galbraith.
Hon. F. G. Macdiarmid.
Mrs. Bessie MacGugan.
John MacLarty.
Jas. A. MacLean.
M. MacNicol.
D. G. Macpherson.
J. A. MacRae.
Dr. MacL. Paterson.
H. W. Thomson.
Rev. E. J. Wolland.</p> <p>SHEDDEN.
Wesley Ross.</p> | <p>STAFFORDVILLE, ONT.
Benj. Brian.</p> <p>STRATFORD, ONT.
H. E. Elborn.
Miss N. Macintyre.</p> <p>TALBOTVILLE, ONT.
Wm. MacCallum.</p> <p>TORONTO, ONT.
J. O. Anderson
E. Anderson.
Mrs. A. Auglin.
Mrs. A. Blythe.
Mrs. W. H. Bradt.
Donald Cameron.
W. R. Carroll.
Colonel Alex. Fraser, L. L. D.
Pro. Archivist.
Janet Gillies.
Dr. J. Z. Gillies.
Mrs. A. Grant.
E. A. Hugill.
Mrs. A. J. Halford.
Miss Alice A. Humphries.
Mrs. F. E. Joselin.
A. G. Leitch, B.A.
Mrs. E. R. Livingston.
A. Macdonald, Dir. of Col-
onization.
A. L. Macpherson.
Cheif. Alex MacPherson.
Florence Macpherson.
Dr. J. M. McCutcheon.
Mr. Duncan McLean.
Mrs. A. McPherson.
Samuel Reid.
Mrs. F. R. Scott.
Miss A. C. Smith.
F. G. Stroud.
J. Thompson.
Mrs. Geo. White.
Mrs. Sidney Wood.</p> |
|--|--|

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

R. M. Anderson.
 Alma College Library.
 A. W. Baines.
 W. T. Black.
 R. S. Black.
 R. H. Blackmore.
 W. R. Bocking, M.A.
 Jas. Bristow.
 Capt. C. A. Brown.
 C. W. Buchanan.
 I. D. Cameron.
 Allen Campbell.
 A. P. Campbell.
 Peter A. Campbell.
 D. A. Cattnach.
 W. C. Caughell.
 Judge Colter.
 C. E. Cox.
 Jas. H. Coyne, L.L.D.
 J. A. Darrah.
 Rev. P. S. Dobson, M.A., D.D.
 Robt. J. Dunsmore.
 Mrs. W. H. Ellis.
 E. H. Flach.
 W. C. Forbes.
 Geo. A. Ferguson.
 W. E. Fry.
 Jas. Garrow.
 Geo. Garrow.
 Geo. Geddes.
 Thos. L. Gray, M.D.
 Geo. L. Gray, B.A.
 Mrs. Minnie Graves.
 Sheriff Harding.
 E. C. Harvey.
 Geo. Harper.
 Eva Haugh.
 W. H. Heal.
 Elva Hepburn.
 J. H. Hopkins.
 E. A. Horton.
 Francis Hunt.
 O. E. Jennings.
 F. W. Judd.

Roger Kerr.
 J. Alexander Killingsworth.
 A. Jean Killins.
 J. D. Lamont.
 Donald Lang.
 John Lanning.
 C. St. Clair Leitch, K.C.
 Mrs. T. C. Lipsey.
 W. M. Lockwood.
 Dr. C. C. Lumley.
 C. F. Maxwell.
 Ald. P. Meehan.
 Andrew A. Miller.
 Robt. J. Miller.
 T. M. Moran.
 Mrs. E. Mulligan.
 Jas. Murison.
 D. MacCallum.
 M. G. MacCormick.
 John MacCormick.
 E. McCredie.
 A. MacCrimmon, Crown
 Attorney.
 Mr. and Mrs. MacFaul.
 E. McIlroy.
 D. L. Macintyre.
 Bessie Macintyre.
 Mary Macintyre.
 J. C. Macintyre.
 J. M. Macintyre.
 K. W. MacKay.
 John MacKenzie.
 A. MacKillop.
 D. A. MacKillop, M.D.
 J. J. MacKillop.
 Neil MacKillop.
 N. D. MacLachlin.
 Miss M. McLaws.
 Mrs. J. McNally.
 D. C. MacNeill.
 Mrs. Ella Macpherson.
 Hugh Macpherson.
 W. A. MacPherson.
 I. S. Ostrander.
 H. Ramsey.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

C. E. Raven.
Judge D. C. Ross.
J. M. Sinclair.
J. D. Shaw.
F. W. Smith, M.B.
W. H. Stapleton.
Mrs. Margaret Steele.
J. W. Stewart.
F. Sutherland.
F. W. Sutherland.
Geo. Taylor.
H. Wm. Tucker.
Dr. A. Turner.
P. R. Williams.
A. R. Williams.
James Wise.
Msgr. T. West.
Mrs. H. Wrightman.
J. McK. Urie.
Dr. A. Voaden.

WEST LORNE, ONT.

L. G. Brown.
Mrs. Lottie Kirkpatrick.

D. M. Leitch.
John A. Matheson.
Rev. C. P. MacFarlane.
H. MacKillop, M.P.
J. A. MacKillop, M.A.
M. MacKillop.
D. Turner.

WALLACETOWN, ONT.

Alex. D. MacKillop.
Mrs. Ed. Bobier.

WINDSOR, ONT.

C. W. Cadwell.
F. E. Harvey.
J. A. Mackay.
J. A. Nichols.

WYOMING, ONT.

Florence O'Neil.
K. A. Richardson.

THIS BOOK IS A
PRODUCTION OF



TORONTO, CANADA

Date Due

bd

CAT. NO. 23 233

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

TRENT UNIVERSITY



0 1164 0015528 3

PS8525 .A152M3

Macintyre, John Horton

Maple leaves and srigs o' heather

DATE	ISSUED TO
	157437

157437

